

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

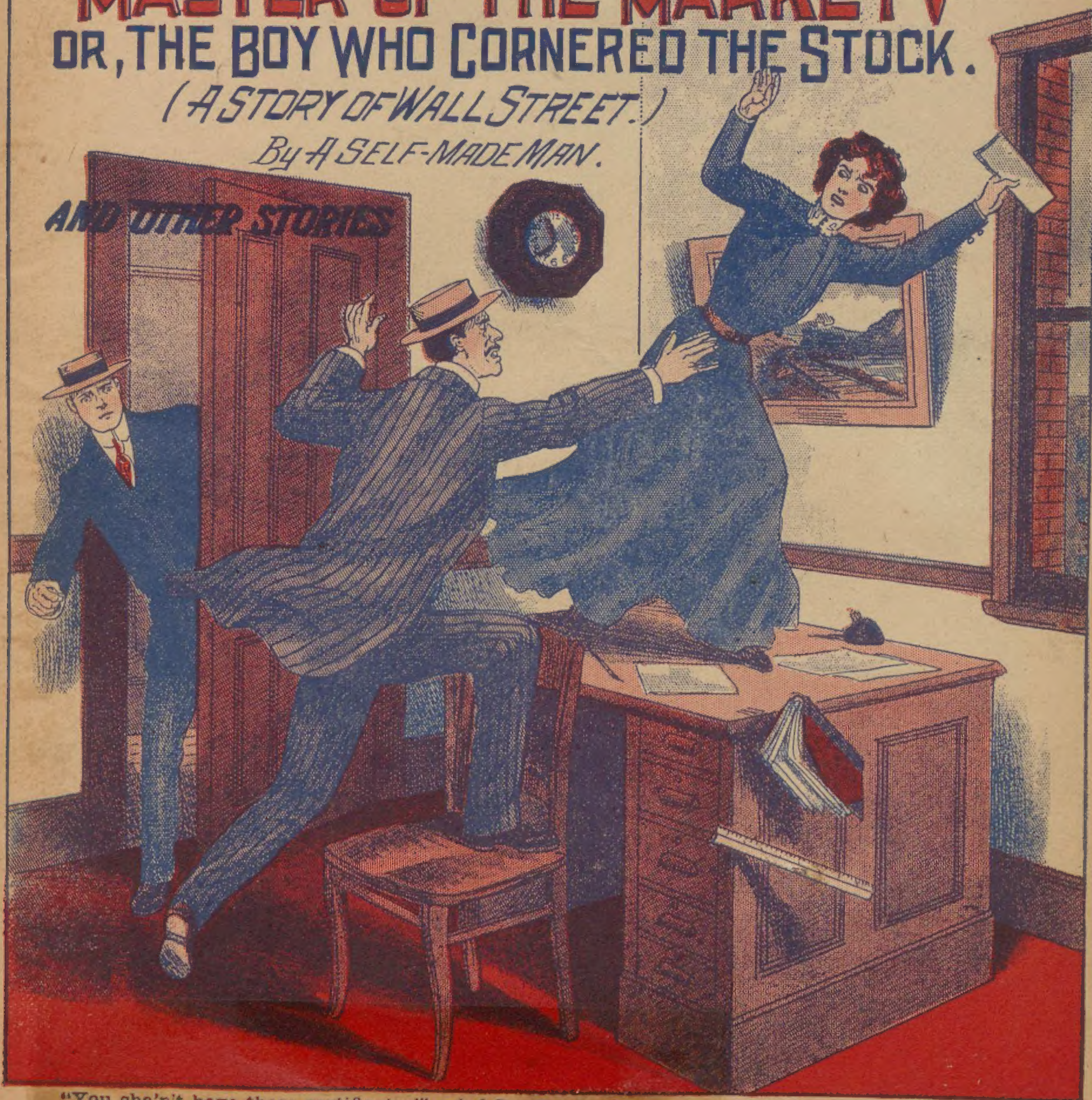
STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

MASTER OF THE MARKET; OR, THE BOY WHO CORNERED THE STOCK.

(A STORY OF WALL STREET.)

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



"You sha'n't have these certificates!" cried Bessie, springing upon the desk. "Sha'n't, eh?" replied the broker. "Who will stop me?" He was in the act of following the plucky girl when Bob opened the door and walked into the office.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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Master of the Market OR, THE BOY WHO CORNERED THE STOCK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Bob Beach and His Friend Dick.

"How do you feel to-day?" asked Bob Beach, with a sympathetic look at the pale, thin face of his companion. He was a boy he had known only a week, and yet in that time had come to love him as much as if he were his brother.

"A little worse, if anything," replied Dick Dudley, in a listless tone, as he gazed dreamily from his chair on the hotel veranda over the deep blue sea that lay spread out before them both.

It was a semi-tropical scene—the Island of Bermuda, in the Bermuda group—where the two lads were. The air was warm and balmy, the sun's heat being tempered by a constant sea breeze. The sky was the deepest blue, while the water was so clear as to reveal, even to its lowest depths, the many varieties of fish sporting among the coral rocks, and the exquisitely variegated shells.

At a distance of 600 miles from Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, the group are about equally remote from the north of Maine and the south of Florida.

It is a paradise for invalids, and those convalescing from the wasting effects of certain diseases. Dick Dudley, a young millionaire of seventeen, who had been attacked by some strange disorder which had baffled the skill of the best physicians of New York, had been brought here by his uncle and guardian, Simon Larue, a New York broker.

The short sea voyage seemed to improve him, and he grew better during his first week on the island, but a relapse set in and from that moment he became worse, day by day.

His strength was slipping away, slowly but surely, and he was in very bad shape when he accidentally made the acquaintance of Bob Beach, a Wall Street clerk of eighteen, who, after a narrow squeak from typhoid fever, had come to the island to recuperate.

"Oh, come now, old chap, brace up!" said Bob. "This climate, which they say is the best in the world, ought to pull you around. I came here a wreck, myself, a short time ago, now look at me. I'm beginning to feel first-class."

"I'm glad you feel so well, Bob. You're a good fellow. You've been very kind to me since we became acquainted a few days ago. I'm bound to say I've taken a great fancy to you."

"So have I to you. I'd like to have you for a chum always."

"I'm afraid you won't have me much longer," replied Dick, sadly.

"Why not? Does Mr. Larue object to me? I know I ain't rich, like you, or even well off, but I'm sure you won't learn anything bad from me," said Bob earnestly.

"Mr. Larue has offered no objection to our friendship. On the contrary, he told me he was glad I got acquainted with you. He seems to know you in a general way."

"I used to see him quite often around the Street, or at the Exchange place. I recognized him the moment I saw him here. Come now, tell me why you think I won't have you much longer?—Is Mr. Larue thinking of taking you somewhere else?"

"No, that isn't it."

"What is it, then?" asked Bob, resting his hand gently on his friend's shoulder.

Dick did not reply at once.

A hopeless look shone in his eyes as they rested wearily on the sun-kissed ocean.

Bob waited patiently for him to reply. He was pained by the dispirited manner of his companion. He saw that Dick was losing courage. That the mysterious ailment under which he appeared to be slowly but surely wasting away was taking all the starch out of him. This was a bad sign. He had to admit, with sorrowful reluctance, that his new friend had grown much worse during the last two days. He now looked almost like a walking ghost. The best physician on the island, who was attending him, was unable to improve on the unsatisfactory results obtained by the New York doctors.

"Bob," said Dick, with solemn earnestness, "I'm not going to get well."

Bob was startled both by the announcement and the way he said it.

"Nonsense!" he replied, with a forced laugh.

"I wish it was, but it isn't. I feel all gone. I never feel at all bright except in the morning. After the light dinner I eat I begin to grow drowsy, and I sink into an unnatural kind of sleep. I have told the doctor about it and he does not seem to understand it. Yesterday he looked unusually solemn, and I saw him talking to Mr. Larue. Strange to say, I was not attacked with the drowsiness after dinner, and I

felt better until evening, when after supper it came on and I woke up this morning feeling as weak as a cat."

"How did this ailment of yours first come on?"

"It began with loss of appetite and a slight difficulty in breathing—no pain or anything of that kind—and I paid little attention to the feeling until I began to feel weak and debilitated. Then I spoke to Mr. Larue. He laughed at me and said I looked all right. I insisted that I didn't feel all right, so he told me to call on the family physician and have a talk with him. I did so. He heard my symptoms, looked at my tongue, my eyes and my skin, and finally gave me a prescription."

"Well?" said Bob.

"I didn't get any better, and the doctor was puzzled. One day, as I continued to grow worse, the doctor advised me to see a certain specialist, and gave me a letter to present to him. I told my uncle, and he received the news with a frown. He asked to see the letter the doctor gave me, and read it through, for it was not sealed. He said he would call on the specialist himself first. He did so, taking the letter with him. A day or two afterward, during which I felt much better, I was told to visit the specialist. He examined me, asking me a lot of questions, particularly if I had been handling anything of a poisonous nature."

"Of a poisonous nature?" said Bob.

"Yes. I said no, but he seemed to disbelieve me. He told me he would communicate with the family doctor, on whom I must call that evening. I did, and he began a new treatment. I got better for a few days and then suddenly I was taken bad. Mr. Larue took me to an entirely new doctor. He looked me over, said he could cure me, but he didn't. I got steadily worse. Mr. Larue then seemed to lose confidence in the doctors and told me to prepare for a trip to these islands. We came here, and after the first few days I've been steadily going downhill. Whatever is the matter with me it seems to be incurable. It looks as if I'm slated for a coffin, and the five millions left me by my father will never do me any good."

"You want to get rid of that idea and take a more hopeful look at things."

"How can I, the way things are going with me?"

"No matter. You mustn't get discouraged. You must brace up. Unless you cling to life you will go down. What does Mr. Larue say on the subject?"

"Very little. He said this morning that, in his opinion, the doctors have done me more harm than good. None of them has been able to correctly diagnose my case, and he was going to see how I would get along without treatment. I judge from that he is going to dismiss my present doctor. There is one funny thing I've noticed, however."

"What is that?"

"Every doctor I've had seemed to think I had been handling something very poisonous."

"You don't say! That's singular. If they all agree about that there must be something in it," said Bob.

"But I haven't handled anything poisonous."

"Maybe you have without knowing it."

Dick shook his head.

"I'm sure I haven't," he said. "The doctor asked me that question again yesterday. Then he asked me to tell him what I had been handling since I saw him the day before. I told him, and he seemed puzzled. Then he went out and talked with my uncle. Soon afterward Mr. Larue came in and expressed his sentiments about the doctors who had been treating me, winding up with the remark that none of them had understood my case, and the present doctor least of all."

"Say, Dick, wouldn't you like to take a short sail in a rowboat? I'll pull you around the shore a bit, and if you feel better I'll take you as far as the place they call the Mulatto Grotto."

"What's that?"

"It's a wild and romantic looking spot by the sea, partially surrounded by huge rocks. In one of the rocks there is a kind of grotto, in which is carved a cross. From the grotto to the rocks opposite is a stone causeway, bare at low tide, but which disappears with the rising of the tide. There is some kind of legend connected with the grotto, but I didn't hear what it was."

"I should like to see the place, but I don't feel equal to going this morning," said Dick. "You've been there yourself, I suppose?"

"Yes. I crossed the causeway and sat a few minutes in the grotto. I didn't dare stay long for fear the tide would cut me off. I believe the grotto itself is under water almost wholly at high tide, when the moon is at the full, as it is this week. I want to go there in a boat, then the tide won't worry me any."

"Perhaps I'll feel well enough to go with you to-morrow."

"I hope you will. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to take you around and show you the many beauties of this island. You don't know what you are missing by cooping yourself up at this hotel."

"I haven't had the ambition to go anywhere," replied Dick, with a weak smile.

"I see I'll have to take you in hand and hustle you around."

"I only wish I could hustle. Now that you are almost yourself again, when are you going back to New York and Wall Street?"

"My intention was to take the steamer a week from to-morrow, but since I've made your acquaintance I've felt like postponing the day."

"I hope you will, Bob. When you are gone I shall feel like giving right up."

"Don't talk that way, old chap. I shall look to see you back in New York in a month or two after I get there."

"You will never see me there, Bob. I shall never leave this island alive. I feel it here, in my heart. Something is killing me—something that the doctors cannot understand. Oh, if I only knew what ailed me I wouldn't feel so discouraged. The mysterious malady is sapping my strength and life away, inch by inch. Bob," he cried feverishly, gripping his friend's arm, "did you ever read about the vampire?"

"The vampire! I've heard of bats of that name that are found in South America," replied Bob.

"I don't mean those things. I mean human vampires."

"There are no such things, Dick. I understand what you are getting at now. You refer to the belief that some of the people of central Europe once had that certain dead people came out of their graves at night in various forms and watching their chance sucked the blood from the throats of living persons so as to nourish themselves; but no intelligent person ever took any stock in such tommyrot."

"I was reading a book the other day by an English author, called the Vampire, and the fate that overtook the heroine of the story, who wasted away and died from a cause that no one could understand, was so like my own that I was greatly impressed. I feel just as if I was the victim of a vampire myself."

"You ought to have chucked that book away. In your condition it gave you morbid fancies, and that is mighty bad for you. If you were the victim of a vampire he'd be a two-legged one and alive. Say," added Bob, struck by a sudden idea, "you are worth five millions, lately left to you by your father?"

"Yes."

"Suppose you were to die, who would come in for that money?"

"My uncle, Mr. Larue."

"So! Is he well off? He ought to be, as he's a broker."

"He is not as well off as he was. He was caught in the market just before I was taken ill first, as he lost a great deal of money."

"Oh, he did! Just before this strange malady attacked you, eh? It never struck you that——"

Bob stopped suddenly.

"What were you going to say?"

"Oh, nothing. I'll tell you some other time. But I guess I'll be off, for here comes Mr. Larue, with a stranger. I might be in the way if I remained."

Wishing Dick good-by, Bob walked off, looking like a boy who had suddenly been given a knotty problem to solve and was trying to work it out in his mind.

CHAPTER II.—Dick Visits Doctor Hemyng.

Bob didn't put up at the St. George Hotel, where Dick stopped, neither did he stay at the Victoria Inn, further up in town. His resources were limited, and did not permit of such extravagance. He boarded with a private family in a retired part of the town. The money that defrayed his expenses was his own, made by him out of the stock market while he was a messenger. He had been lucky in several deals, and thus had accumulated quite a nest-egg for himself. When his doctor suggested that he would be greatly benefited by a change of climate, after he got on his feet, he decided that he couldn't put his money to better use than to help him regain his health as fast as possible.

He was the son of a widow in moderate circumstances, living in Harlem. He had two sisters who did their share toward keeping the pot boiling at home. So selecting the Bermudas as the

best place for a short sojourn, he started for the islands in one of the regular steamers. Making the acquaintance of Dick, however, had caused a change in his program, and he determined to stay over till another steamer. When Bob parted from Dick he walked straight to the office of the doctor who was attending on his friend.

"Is Dr. Hemyng in?" he asked the servant who answered his ring.

"Yes. Step in."

Bob walked in and was shown into the reception room. In a few moments the doctor threw back the curtain and invited him into his surgery.

"I am not a patient, doctor," Bob said, in an apologetic tone. "I am a particular friend of Dick Dudley whom you are treating at the hotel."

The doctor nodded and looked at him, inquiringly.

"I have only been acquainted with Dick a week, but I have taken such a liking to him that his illness is beginning to worry me. He doesn't seem to know what is the matter with him, but feels that he is in a pretty bad way. He certainly looks bad, and never worse than this morning. I have just left him, and he feels terribly down in the mouth. Feels sure he's going to die. Now, doctor, will you tell me the truth about his case, as far as you have figured it out?"

"What is your name, young man?"

"Bob Beach. I am an American, from New York, same as Dick. I came here to recuperate after a severe attack of typhoid fever, and the climate has done wonders for me. Why hasn't it helped Dick?"

"Because it has no chance with him."

"Do you mean to say he is suffering from some incurable disease?"

"I do not; and yet he will surely die unless the cause of his trouble is removed."

"And what is the cause?"

Dr. Hemyng drummed with a pencil on his desk and did not immediately answer.

"I can't say exactly, but he has symptoms of poisoning."

"Poisoning!" exclaimed Bob, clearly startled.

"Yes. A poison is commonly defined to be a substance which, when administered in small quantity, is capable of acting badly on the body, but this definition is obviously too restricted, for it would exclude numerous substances which are only poisonous when administered in large doses. A person may be as effectually poisoned by an ounce of nitre as by five grains of arsenic. Your friend, however, is not suffering from the effects of any active poison, but, in my opinion, from some kind of poison so slow in its operation that his gradual sinking under its influence closely resembles the effects of disease."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Bob.

"I will admit that his case has greatly puzzled me, and I have been studying him closely to get a line on the true cause that is pulling him down. He has no disease at all, but certainly something is at work undermining his constitution, and unless this can be arrested he will die."

"You don't know what kind of poison is——"

"I am not positive it is poison, but there are symptoms that point that way."

"It must be poison, for Dick told me that the

doctors who treated him in New York, a specialist or two among the number, all asked him if he had recently handled any poisonous substance. You asked him the same question yesterday. When doctors agree on a point there must be something in it."

"It would seem so," replied Doctor Hemyng. "Apparently they reached the same conclusion that I have. The reason I asked him that question was because he does not appear to have taken any poison internally. That would produce certain effects that are noticeably absent in this case. If he had been poisoned it has been taken into his blood by absorption, by a puncture or an abraded surface. But even admitting this to be a fact, the puzzle is what kind of a poison could he have absorbed which could produce the effects shown. I confess, as a doctor, that I cannot specify one, though I have looked the matter up closely."

"Doctor, I would like to ask you one question. Leaving my friend Dick's case out of the matter altogether, is there anything in the drug line which, if properly prepared by an expert and administered to a human being, would produce a condition similar, in a general way, to that of my friend?"

The doctor looked hard at Bob.

"A compound of arsenical neutral salts, or crystallized arsenic dissolved in a large quantity of water would produce its effect almost imperceptibly if administered regularly, by gradually weakening the appetite and respiratory organs," he said. "That, however, would come under the head of secret poisoning with intent to murder, and such things can scarcely happen in these enlightened days."

"Are there no other preparations that would also have a similar effect? I have heard that in India poisonous liquids have been prepared which would kill a person in a day, a week, a month, or after several months, according as the stuff was diluted."

"Yes; such poisons have been produced in India, but they come under the same title, and I am not familiar with them. I hope," he added, with a whimsical smile, "that you do not suspect your friend is a mark for anything of that kind."

"I wouldn't like to insinuate that he was," replied Bob, soberly, "even when I know that a certain person would benefit to the extent of five millions by his death."

"Five millions!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes. Dick Dudley is worth five million dollars. His father died a few months ago and left that fortune to him."

"You Americans seem to be all millionaires," smiled the doctor.

"Quite a number of us are. I regret to say that I am not one of the number. If I were I would be in no hurry to leave this island. It is the nearest spot to an earthly paradise that I've struck yet."

"You seem to appreciate the advantages we enjoy here."

"I ought to, seeing what the island has done for me. Well, doctor, I won't encroach any further on your time. I am greatly obliged to you for the information you have so kindly given me."

"You are welcome, my young friend."

"I hope you will be able to save Dick's life, for I've never met a finer lad. If he should die I'd—but there, I don't want to think about such a thing. Do your best to pull him through, and you will earn my gratitude as well as his."

Then Bob said good-by and took his leave.

"Can it be possible that Dick is being put out of this world by some slow and secret poison?" the boy asked himself, as he walked up the street toward his lodgings. "It hardly seems probable, and yet the suspicion is strong upon my mind. Many a man has murdered a fellow-creature in cold blood for an insignificant sum of money; why, then, might not a polished rascal conspire to remove the only obstacle that stands between him and five millions? Mr. Larue is outwardly a gentleman, but who knows what he may not be capable of? At any rate, Dick is clearly dying by inches of an alleged malady that the most skilled physicians have been unable to diagnose. No one doctor has been allowed to treat him long. From what Dick has told me, the moment the physician hints at poison his services are dispensed with. That doesn't look right on the face. I wonder what I can do toward solving this mystery? I hardly see what action I can take. There is no way that I can watch Mr. Larue. If he is giving Dick a secret poison he is doing it so artfully that even the victim has not the slightest suspicion of the fact. Well, it's dinner-time now, and I must postpone the consideration of the matter for a while; but I intend to devote all my energies to getting to the bottom of the mystery."

Bob had intended to rejoin Dick after dinner, but the problem he had tackled so engrossed his thoughts that he determined to go off somewhere to a quiet spot and think it over all by himself. The Mulatto Grotto suggested itself to him as the best place for the purpose, so he hired a boat and rowed that way. About the same time, Mr. Larue and the stranger who had arrived that morning from New York by the steamer, left the hotel together, after dinner, and strolled out together into the country.

The broker's brow was clouded and he seemed ill at ease, but the stranger, who was a small, swarthy-looking foreigner, seemed to be in excellent spirits.

CHAPTER III.—The Trap.

Two hours later, Mr. Larue and the swarthy stranger approached the romantic spot known as the Mulatto's Grotto. They were now on their return to the hotel. The wind had risen somewhat and the sea was ruffled by small whitecaps. The tide was at its lowest point, and the causeway leading to the grotto was wholly uncovered to the height of a couple of feet.

The causeway was not a straight path from point to point, but made frequent and abrupt turnings and was broken here and there, leaving space through which the water, even at low tide, flowed in and out, joining the placid surface between it and the wild, sheltered, rocky shore. One who had thoroughly familiarized himself with the windings of the causeway could cross it with caution after the rising tide had obliterated it

from sight, but to a stranger, under the same circumstances, it was a death-trap unless he came there by boat.

Indeed, it was more generally known as the mouse-trap—easy to get in when the way was open, but next to impossible to get out of when the tide turned. Every stranger who came to the island was warned against it. Broker Larue and his companion reached the top of the point opposite the grotto, which was not within their line of vision, and the former began to descend a series of steps cut out of the rock.

These led down to the causeway, but there were no steps or any way to escape at the other end.

"This path seems unfrequented. Why have we come this way?" asked the swarthy man, hesitating to follow.

"Because it offers a short cut to the hotel, for one thing, and also because I wish to show you the Mulatto's Grotto, one of the natural curiosities of the island," replied Larue, suavely.

"Very well. It is certainly a wild and romantic spot. I see no steps on the other side," said the stranger, following him down.

"Nor can you see the grotto from here. It is just around that jutting rock."

"That rocky causeway seems a precious crossing."

It is safe enough. A man with nerve could cross it safely were it a thousand feet above the sea. It is all of two feet wide. What more space do we want?"

"If it be damp and slippery one might——"

"It is as dry as a bone, I assure you. The water is not rough enough to wet it to-day."

"The wind has risen since we left the hotel."

"Not a great deal," replied the broker, stepping out on the causeway, followed by his companion.

They proceeded slowly, Mr. Larue not appearing to be in any hurry. On reaching the center of the narrow path he paused to point out how landlocked the cove was inside of the causeway, and how smooth the water was.

"The inhabitants rarely visit this spot," said the broker, "but no stranger leaves the island without having seen it. I, myself, have been here several times. for there are occasions when solitude suits my humor."

"I believe you," replied the stranger, drily.

"The grotto of itself is nothing out of the unusual—merely an excavation, natural, I assume, the floor of which is level with this causeway. Two rocky seats afford a convenient opportunity for the stroller to rest before ascending to the top of the rock. The real attraction of the grotto are the two crosses carved in the rock, about which centers a curious legend. I will tell it to you while we rest. I warrant it will interest you."

"Probably. A legend usually carries more weight when told on the spot," said the swarthy man, lightly, as they continued on.

"Exactly," returned the broker.

Mr. Larue made other pauses before they reached the jutting rock.

"This rock forms one side of the grotto," said the broker. "We have now reached the end of the causeway."

"I am not sorry. I can imagine the danger of crossing that in rough weather."

"No one would be foolish as to attempt it.

There has been no rough weather since my nephew and I arrived here. Now let me introduce you to the grotto."

They stepped around the rock and were in the place.

"Ah! Rather gloomy and forbidding, I should say. There are the crosses, I perceive. Now for the legend."

"All in good time, my friend. This is a lonesome spot, and is just the place for us to settle our business. No fear of prying eyes or listening ears. Take that seat, if you please."

"What business have we to settle until the boy—but why refer to him now? He will soon be in a better place if all is true that priests prate about, while you will be several millions richer, and I will return to India, handsomely provided for in consideration of the valuable service I have rendered you," said the stranger, in a light tone.

"I wish to know, in the first place, what brought you to this island?" asked Mr. Larue, watching his companion, narrowly.

"Why, I merely thought I'd take a trip down here to see how you were coming on."

"Indeed! You didn't come here to keep me under your eye as the end drew near."

"Why should I?" and the swarthy man uttered a low, wicked laugh.

"You ought to know best, my friend," answered the broker, calmly. "I made a deal with you in New York. I did not expect, nor wish you to follow me here."

"What difference can my coming make to you?"

"It strikes me you have a special object in coming here. What is it? You may speak without reserve in this place."

"Well, Mr. Larue, since you desire me to be perfectly frank, I will admit I had a reason for coming."

"I thought so. I will listen to it."

"When we made our deal I was not aware just how much you anticipated gaining through the death of your nephew. You gave me to understand it was something under a million. I took your word for it and we made our bargain. After you came down to these islands, having nothing special on my hands, I made an investigation, just to satisfy my curiosity. I visited the Hall of Records and, for the outlay of a quarter, I was enabled to read the will of the boy's father. Instead of one million I found that the lad had inherited five, and these five would come to you in the event of his death. The discovery surprised and also pained me," continued the man, mockingly. "Until that moment I supposed you had been perfectly frank with me. Now, I found you had deceived me in order to drive a sharper bargain. If you would deceive me in one instance, might you not in another? Under those circumstances I thought it prudent to follow you."

"Well, and now that you are here——"

"We will make a slight alteration in our little bargain."

"In what way?" flashed the broker.

"Instead of \$50,000 I shall now want \$250,000."

"Indeed! And suppose I refuse to give you more than the stipulated amount?"

"I don't think you will."

"No?"

"No; for in that case I would deem it my duty

to expose your game to the authorities," laughed the swarthy man.

"You would? You forget that we are in the same boat."

"Hardly. You are the principal, while I am simply your accomplice."

"But in a capital offense an accessory before the fact is equally guilty."

"True; but as you could not be convicted without my evidence, the authorities would permit me to turn state's evidence in order to reach you. You see, I have figured the matter all out."

"I see you have," replied the broker coldly, and without the least perturbation. "Permit me to congratulate you on the possession of such a wily brain."

"Leave your compliments out and let us conclude the business now. I have brought along a new agreement. It is here," and the man took a paper from his pocket. "Read it and see for yourself that it is perfectly fair. I exact only five per cent. of your anticipated profit. A mere bagatelle. You will still have four million and three-quarters left. After you have satisfied yourself that I have taken no undue advantage of you, you can sign it. Here is a stylographic pen."

Mr. Larue glanced over the paper, with a curling lip.

"The original document you have with you, too, I presume?"

"I have."

"Let me have it?"

"Certainly—after you have signed this one. I like to do things regularly."

"So do I, therefore I won't sign this one."

"No! Why not?"

"Because I don't choose to."

"Consider the consequences, my dear sir."

The broker glanced down at the water and noted, with satisfaction, that the tide had begun to rise.

"Well, I've got to admit that you have me in your power."

"Ah! Now you are beginning to see the matter in the right light. Allow me to hand you the pen again."

"One moment. I think I will tell you that legend before we conclude this little matter," said the broker, softly.

"Why before? We have time enough for that. Sign."

"No. The legend is a singular one and it might induce you to ease up on me. It will take but a few minutes."

"Oh, tell it, then, if you are determined, but do not think it will have the least effect on me. There is little sentiment about me, particularly in business."

"We shall see," replied the broker, with another look at the water.

The swarthy man laughed softly, for he was in excellent humor.

"There lived on this island of Bermuda, many years ago, a poor mulatto—a slave, who, for some good service rendered to his master, received his freedom. The generous gift should have made him happy, but it was otherwise; for once free he was obliged to leave his master's dwelling, and under that roof dwelt his better angel. At length he went forth, more wretched in his free-

dom than in his slavery, for he loved—adored with all his soul—that master's daughter."

The swarthy man grinned. The broker, after another look at the water, continued:

He would have buried his love in his heart, though it had crushed it, but the young lady, who used to converse with him, in a few kind words completed his delusion. He thought she returned his love, and that the pride of her race forbade her to confess it. Although he felt that she never could be his, he took consolation in the thought that she never would be another's."

Mr. Larue paused and glanced at the rising water, now within a few inches of the floor of the grotto.

"The fool was dreaming," he resumed. "One word awoke him. She was about to marry a man of her own race and condition. She had deceived him and sported with his agony. That was a mistake on her part, for then the wretched man took an oath to unite herself to her by the solemn, awful, dreadful tie of death."

The water lapped the floor of the grotto, and the sharp eyes of the swarthy man detected it. He leaped to his feet with an exclamation.

"I will hear the rest of this another time," he said. "Let us go."

"Wait," said the broker, his eyes spitting fire, "I am nearly done."

"Make it short," said his companion, with his eyes on the water.

"The mulatto had calculated every chance. In his turn he deceived the girl. He led her into a snare. They both stood here—on the spot we now occupy. The tide was rising fast. Only one path was free, but the sea continued to gain on them. The girl at last awoke to her peril. She entreated the mulatto to save her; but he, without pity for her terror, or her tears, held her fast with a grip of steel, as I hold you now."

The swarthy man uttered an exclamation, and tried to free himself.

"Be quiet, my dear friend," said the broker, mockingly, "a few more words and I am done. The story affects you, I see. I thought it would. At that dreadful moment the mulatto told her that he loved her. And while he spake the sea was gaining height. Every chance of escape was cut off, and yet death had less horror for the young girl than the mulatto's love. And so—they died together, but before the water rose above their heads the mulatto, with his sharp knife, cut those two crosses in the rock."

"You are done at last. Let us go."

"Go! Where?"

"Up the steps at this end. Can you not see the water is rising fast and entering this grotto?"

"I see it, but what of it?" asked the broker, malevolently.

"What of it? Do you wish that we should share the fate of the mulatto and the girl he enticed to death?"

"My excellent friend and accomplice, that fate is reserved for you alone," replied Mr. Larue, in a mocking tone. "You stacked the cards on me very nicely, but you did not correctly size up the man you were dealing with. We have played the game and you raised me the limit. I have seen you and I go you one better. You have shown your hand. Very well, I will now show

you mine. He always laughs best who laughs last. You are trapped. Mr. Perley Pore—trapped to your death!"

The swarthy man startled and looked disturbed. Then he recovered himself.

"You are mocking me. If I am in danger, so also are you."

"I grant it, but I have a chance—you have none."

"Say you so. The steps at this end—I will take them."

"Do so by all means," laughed the broker, in a wicked way.

The swarthy man darted through the rising water to the spot where he supposed the steps lay to the top of the rock. There were none.

The face of the rock was bare and smooth. He was staggered.

"Ah! The causeway! We will return that way since there is no outlet here."

"Try it," replied the broker, laconically.

The man darted around the other corner of the grotto. The causeway had utterly vanished. Only a smooth surface of ruffled sea met his excited vision. The cove was now more than twice its former size and undivided. And the wind was rising, too.

"My heavens, man! We are doomed!" he cried.

"Nay, you alone are doomed unless—I make a false step. That is a chance I am willing to take to rid myself of a dangerous witness. Good-by."

With the last word he darted through the swirling waters.

CHAPTER IV.—The Problem Solved.

As the broker splashed across the winding causeway, accommodating his movements to the strong mental picture he had of its crooked course, pausing occasionally to refresh his memory by some landmark on the opposite side, the swarthy man watched him, with starting eyes. Then, with a hoarse cry, he started to follow. He took but half a dozen steps when a turn in the hidden path precipitated him into the sea and he went under. He could not swim, but the tide bore him against the causeway and he grasped it as a drowning man does a straw.

But he could not hang on there, for the water was over his head and rising fast, so after a desperate effort he clambered back on the path and stood up. The wind blew against his body and he had some difficulty in maintaining his foothold. He looked despairingly after Mr. Larue, who had now gained the steps, mounted them and was standing, safe and triumphant, on the top of the rock.

"Save me, and I will stand by our first agreement!" the swarthy man cried feverishly.

"Too late, my dear friend," replied the broker. "I wouldn't dare attempt it if you were my brother. You made a bad mistake in following me to this island. I realized for the first time how dangerous you were to me. I perceived that you would extort blood-money from me as long as we both lived. I decided to rid myself of you. Well, I led you into the Mouse-trap. Get out, if

you can. And now good-by and bon voyage to the other world, where my nephew will shortly meet you."

Mr. Larue made the wretched man a mocking bow and strode away.

"The scoundrel!" the swarthy man exclaimed, shaking his fist after the retreating broker. "I am indeed lost, for the water will soon overwhelm me, and I cannot cross as he did."

At that moment his sharp ears heard the sound of oars. Turning around, he saw a boat with a boy in it coming from behind the Mulatto's Grotto.

"Save me! Save me!" he cried wildly.

The boy, whom the reader may guess was Bob Beach, rowed toward him.

"I am coming," he said. "Don't be alarmed. I'll save you."

In a few minutes he assisted the swarthy man into the boat.

"You have saved my life, young man," said the stranger gratefully, "and I won't forget what I owe you."

"That's all right. You're welcome."

"It is fortunate you happened to be so near, otherwise I should have been drowned. I suppose you'll be surprised when I tell you that a man whom I supposed was a friend led me into this trap in order to put me out of the way."

"No, I'm not surprised. I overheard all that passed between you and Mr. Larue."

"You did!" cried Perley Pore, in astonishment. "Where were you?"

"Behind the rock known as the Mulatto's Grotto."

"And you took in all our conversation?"

"I did."

"Then you know——"

"That you are the man who supplied the secret poison that is killing my friend, Dick Dudley, by inches."

"You can't prove it."

"No, but I expect you to put a stop to the game. If you will save Dick I promise not to expose your connection with it. If you are grateful to me for saving your life you will return the favor in the way I wish."

"Young man, your friend shall be saved, though a few days more of his uncle's treatment would have finished him. Larue thinks he has wiped me out. He will soon learn his mistake. I shall have him arrested immediately for his attempt on my life, and then I shall accuse him of attempting to put his nephew out of the way in order to secure his fortune."

"And put your own head in the same noose."

"I care not for the consequence as long as he gets what's coming to him!" gritted the swarthy man.

"I advise you to take no action till to-morrow."

"Why?"

"I wish you to see Dick Dudley first. You have registered at the hotel, I suppose. Well, as it is better that Mr. Larue should not learn of your escape for the present you had better go to the Victoria Inn and send to the hotel for your baggage. In the morning, some time, I'll bring Dick to see you, and we three will decide what steps to take against Mr. Larue."

"Well, I will agree to do as you say," replied,

the swarthy man, reluctantly, "but you mustn't expect me to let up on that scoundrel. It makes my blood boil to think how deliberately he went to work to wipe me from his path."

"We won't discuss the matter further now. I have a claim on you, and I look to see you keep your word with me."

"I'll do it, though it goes against my grain to keep my hands off him."

"Now, your name is Perley Pore, I believe?"

"Yes."

"You have been in India?"

"I spent many years there in the employ of a large mercantile house."

"And you admit you provided Mr. Larue with the poison to put his nephew out of the way?"

"I will not deny it."

"How could you engage in such a piece of villainy?"

"A man will do much for money."

"I cannot understand how a man will barter his soul for the dollars, and yet many a man has gone the limit for a sum very much smaller than what you agreed to accept. What is \$50,000 beside a clear conscience?"

"Excuse me, young man, I would prefer if you would change the subject. By the way, you haven't told me your name."

"Bob Beach. What kind of poison is it that you put into Mr. Larue's hands?"

"I received it from a Delhi fakir, I don't know anything about its composition. One drop of the pure stuff, placed on the tongue, will cause almost instant paralysis, and death within a quarter of an hour. That will show you how powerful it is. One drop diluted in water will operate according to its strength. In a tumblerful of water, a teaspoonful would cause convulsions in an hour or two, according to the victim's constitution. In your friend's case it is diluted to the extent of one drop to a gallon of water. In that case it works slowly, but it is sure to fetch the person in the end. It leaves no trace, being quickly absorbed into the circulation, and a post-mortem examination would reveal nothing."

"How does Mr. Larue administer it?"

"I told him to place a teaspoonful of the diluted preparation in any drink that his nephew takes, not oftener than one in two days, and preferably at mid-day."

"You saw Dick Dudley this morning?"

"Yes. He is in a bad way. Larue has been rather rushing things, giving the boy a dose every day instead of every second day, as I advised him to."

"If he takes no more of this poison, what are his chances of recovery?"

"That will depend on his powers of recuperation, aided by proper treatment."

"Then there is a possibility of his dying, any way?"

"If he is too far gone there is."

"Did Mr. Larue give him a dose at dinner to-day?"

"No; because I strongly advised against it, and also because he thinks the doctor is growing suspicious."

"Perhaps he will give him a dose to-night."

"Not unless he changes his program."

"Then Dick ought to be brighter to-morrow morning?"

"If he doesn't get a dose to-night he will feel better."

"Do you know where Mr. Larue keeps the diluted poison?"

"In his trunk. But he also has a vial of the pure stuff in case of necessity."

"He has?"

"Yes. He is well provided to compass his purposes."

"Is the vial in the trunk, too?"

"I should imagine it was."

"Then it is impossible for me to reach it."

"Why bother? To-morrow will see the rascal's finish."

"Who knows what he might not do to-night?"

"Don't be alarmed. He believes the road is clear now, and he will take his time in winding up his game."

"Well, as soon as I land you I shall hunt up Dick and explain the situation to him. It will be a great shock to him."

"I dare say. Now, don't take me to the wharf, but land me yonder. Then I will slip into town, go to the inn and send for my things. I will look for you to bring your friend around to-morrow morning, according to your suggestion."

"Yes, that is understood," replied Bob, heading the boat for the shore.

The swarthy man landed, bade him adieu, and started for the town. Bob then continued on to the wharf where he hired the boat, feeling highly elated that he had not only solved the problem of Dick's mysterious malady, but that through his instrumentality the lad would now stand every chance of recovering his health and strength.

CHAPTER V.—Bob Plays the Ace.

Bob realized that he had a delicate job on his hands—the exposure of Mr. Larue's murderous intentions is toward his nephew.

"It will give him an awful shock, and he's in no condition to stand shocks," thought Bob, reflectively. "I must let him have it by degrees, as gently as possible. He will hardly believe me, but the production of the jug from Mr. Larue's trunk, and the testimony of Perley Pore to-morrow morning will convince him beyond a reasonable doubt, and then it will be up to him to deal with his faithless relative and guardian as he sees fit. If I were in his shoes, Mr. Larue would see his finish mighty quick. He is a heartless scoundrel. A double murderer to all intents. My gracious! I'll never forget the cool way he went about the destruction of his accomplice. How he rung in that legend of the Mulatto's Grotto. He was gloating over every word as it fell from his lips. He played with Perley Pore as a cat with a mouse. It seems to me, for cool villainy, he can give that rascal cards and spades. Evidently he studied up the lay of the mouse-trap for some other purpose than to cause the death of his accomplice, for he did not know till this morning that the man would be on the scene. Perhaps he contemplated drowning Dick there in

case the poison by any chance failed to do its work. I think that is the key to the matter. Well, it was mighty lucky I went to the Grotto this afternoon. The hand of Providence is surely in it. I have saved two lives, though one was hardly worth saving except for its value in exposing this crooked game. Well, now to call on Dick."

Bob gave up the boat and started for the St. George Hotel, turning over in his mind the program he had in view.

He found Dick on the veranda, looking a little brighter. Dudley's eyes lighted up with pleasure when he saw Bob approaching.

"Where have you been all the afternoon, Bob? Mr. Larue was away, too, and I had no one to talk to. It was awfully slow."

"Never mind, old chap. I never put in a more profitable afternoon in my life, as you'll agree when I tell you about it."

"I'm glad to hear that you had a good time," replied Dick, generously.

"I didn't say I had a good time, but a profitable one," replied Bob.

"Do you mean that you made some money?"

"No. I was working in your interest, Dick, and have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations."

"In my interest," exclaimed Dick, in surprise.

"Exactly. You're going to get well—as well as I am, and I feel perfectly healthy at this moment," said Bob, enthusiastically.

"I wish I could think so," replied Dick, with a very doubtful smile.

"You've felt better this afternoon, haven't you?"

"Yes. Do I show it?"

"You do. And, what is better, you're not going to get any more setbacks."

"No? You seem quite positive about that. How can you tell? I have felt better at times before, but only for a day. Then I was down again. To-morrow I fear I shall have my usual relapse."

"I think not. I know exactly what is the cause of your strange disorder."

"How can you, Bob, when all the doctors have failed to discover it?"

"Because I know what they were unable to find out. Had you been allowed to remain under the care of one good doctor long enough his suspicions would have led to some results, I think. They all agreed that your ailment had a look of poison."

"Which, of course, was hardly the fact."

"No, my dear fellow, it is the fact. You are the victim of a slow poison."

"What makes you think that?" asked Dick, with a startled look.

"Because I possess absolute evidence of the fact."

"How?"

"The poison that is killing you is an East Indian preparation, one drop of which, if placed on your tongue in its pure state, would induce instant paralysis and cause your death in fifteen minutes."

"You are joking, Bob."

"I am not joking."

"Why am I not dead, then?" smiled Dick.

"Simply because you are not getting it that

way. You are taking a teaspoonful daily from a gallon jug of water in which a single drop of the drug was mixed."

"I am?" replied Dick, incredulously.

"You are," replied Bob, solemnly.

"If I am I don't know it."

"Of course you don't know it; neither did the doctors who attended you know it, or you never would have reached the condition you are in."

"Bob, old fellow, what are you giving me?"

"The solemn truth. I found out all about it this afternoon. In fact, I have only just parted with the man who brought the poison from India to New York."

Dick looked at Bob as if he thought his friend was talking the most ridiculous nonsense.

"You are astonished, old fellow," replied Bob.

"I can see that in your face. You think I'm talking rag-time. I am going to convince you that my words are true. Have you seen Mr. Larue since he went out walking with the swarthy-looking man who arrived by the steamer this morning?"

"Yes; but only for a few moments. He asked me how I felt, and then he went up to his room."

"How long ago was that?"

"About ten minutes ago."

Bob sat for a moment or two gazing out on the ruffled sea.

A disquieting thought had just occurred to him.

Mr. Larue believed he had just committed a murder. He had, in his opinion, removed the only person who knew all about the dastardly scheme he was working against his nephew. Suppose he had made up his mind to bring his purpose to an immediate conclusion by finishing his nephew at once?

Bob judged, from the short conversation he had had with him, that he was tired of the island and was anxious to get back to Wall Street.

A man with the thoughts of one murder fresh on his soul was in a fit of humor to do most anything that was on his mind. Bob, therefore, felt that there was no telling what might not happen in the next few hours.

He determined, then, at the cost, to take no chances. Somehow or other he suspected some sinister purpose in Mr. Larue's hurried visit to his room.

"Excuse me a few minutes, Dick," he said, abruptly.

Rising from the chair he walked into the hotel, leaving his friend puzzled and not a little disturbed by his talk as far as he had gone. Bob knew where Mr. Larue's room was, for he had visited it two or three times with Dick, who occupied an alcove room off it. Reaching the door he stooped and looked through the keyhole. He saw a couple of chairs and the window, that was all. To open the door and walk in without knocking, supposing it was not fastened, was impolite, and would expose him to trouble.

There was an open transom though which he could see the interior of the room if he could reach it. There was no means of reaching it, however. Bob hesitated what to do. Finally he decided to risk opening the door, if it wasn't locked, after conjuring up an excuse to offer for his freedom. He turned the handle softly and

to his satisfaction it yielded to his touch. At the first glance the room appeared to be untenanted, but as his eyes roamed about he saw Mr. Larue kneeling beside his open trunk.

A glazed stone gallon jug stood uncorked on the tray. In one hand the broker held a tiny phial, containing liquid of a brilliant red hue; in the other, a medical dropper. The dropper at the moment held a small quantity of red liquid, and Mr. Larue was in the act of adding a drop or two of it to the contents of the jug. His purpose was so apparent to Bob that the boy could not repress an exclamation of horror.

The sound reached the broker's ear and he wheeled around as quick as a flash.

"What are you doing in here?" he exclaimed, harshly.

Bob forgot the excuse he had intended to offer and stared blankly at Mr. Larue.

"If you came looking for Dick, he's not here. I left him on the veranda," said the broker.

Bob made no reply, but continued to look at his friend's uncle.

"What are you staring at, boy?" snarled Mr. Larue, his eyes waxing angry.

"I was wondering how many drops of that Indian poison you intended to introduce into that jug," replied the lad, taking the bull suddenly by the horns, while a look of resolution blazed in his eyes.

"What!" almost shrieked the broker, a ghastly pallor spreading over his face.

"Mr. Larue, if I were you I'd throw all that stuff out of the window," said Bob calmly. "I'm on to your game. The mysterious malady that has brought your nephew at death's door is due to you. You have been killing him by inches to gain the money left to him by his father, your brother-in-law, but your plot is foiled at the eleventh hour. You played your hand well, but I hold the ace."

As the words fell from Bob's tongue the broker uttered a gasp and staggered back, livid as a corpse.

CHAPTER VI.—The Royal Flush.

"It's a lie!" shrieked the desperate man, glaring like a tiger at Bob.

"It is not a lie. It is the truth, and you know it!"

"How dare you accuse me of such a thing?"

"Because I know you are guilty. Why, you have the poison in your hand now."

"This—this poison!" cried the broker, with a sort of hysterical laugh. "You are dreaming, boy. This is a harmless medicine."

"Is it? I know better. One drop of that liquid placed on the tongue means paralysis and swift death."

Bob could see that Mr. Larue was pulling himself together.

He was a dangerous man, but never so dangerous as when driven to bay, and the boy watched him in a wary way.

"Really, Beach, if I wasn't so angry at your impertinence, I would laugh at the ridiculous assertions you have just made," said the broker.

"What put such an idea into your head? Why,

I am beginning to suspect you are not quite right in your upper story."

"It won't do, Mr. Larue. You can't pull the wool over my eyes. I know every point of your game. That jug on the tray contains water, to which has been added one drop of that Indian poison. The man who furnished you with the drug instructed you to administer it to your nephew in doses of one teaspoonful in liquid every other day, but in your eagerness to achieve quick results you seem to have made it every day," said Bob.

If Mr. Larue was astonished at the knowledge shown by his young accuser he gave no sign. He had recovered his customary poise, and was cool and collected. Evidently, he was no common villain.

"Indeed!" replied the broker, sarcastically. "You seem to be well informed. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me how you secured your information?"

"You will learn that in good time."

"Well, now that you have made this theatrical accusation, what are you going to do—have me arrested on the charge of slowly poisoning my nephew?" sneered Mr. Larue.

"That is up to your victim. He is the most directly concerned."

"Have you told him all this?" asked the broker, quickly.

"Not yet."

"But you mean to?"

"I do."

Mr. Larue seemed to consider while he looked at Bob, narrowly.

He placed the vial on his dressing case and corked it with a steady hand. The dropper, which still contained perhaps a dozen drops of the poison, he laid beside it.

"Gee! He's got a strong nerve," thought Bob, watching him.

"Look here, young man, I want to talk to you. I can't understand how you got hold of this nonsense you've just been getting off, but considering the condition my nephew is in—the unknown malady he is suffering from—if you made such a statement in public it would put me in a very unpleasant position. People would regard me with suspicion, and it is not impossible that the authorities would be asked to look into the matter. You, a Wall Street boy, ought to know that I am a respectable member of the New York Stock Exchange. That I am a broker of means. Why should I wish to harm my nephew and ward? What is his money to me? I have enough of my own, and my yearly income is sufficient to meet all my desires. You have accused me of a crime. Every crime has its motive. That's the first thing the police look for when they take up a criminal case. Now, where is the motive in this instance?"

"The motive is Dick's five millions."

"Nonsense! I have just said that money was no object to me."

"I know you said so, but that doesn't make it so."

"Then you are satisfied that I am guilty of your charge?"

"Perfectly."

"What proof have you?"

"That Indian drug, for one thing."

"I told you that was only a harmless medicine."
 "Are you willing to submit the vial to a chemical analysis?"

"Certainly. You shall take it yourself to a chemist."

Mr. Larue turned, picked up the vial and advanced toward Bob.

Bob might have fallen a victim to the broker's purpose, but he was wide-awake and saw the snaky look in the man's eyes. It warned him of danger.

"Stop, Mr. Larue! Don't come a step nearer. If you do I will push that electric button in the wall, and bring a bell-boy," said Bob, sharply.

Mr. Larue stopped, with a muttered imprecation. He realized that he had no common boy to deal with but a foe worthy of his steel. He changed his attitude in a moment.

"You distrust me, I see," he said suavely.

"I certainly do. A man who is not only capable of contriving the death of a trusting relative, but crafty enough to entice his own accomplice into a death-trap, must be handled with gloves."

Mr. Larue was staggered.

"You—know—that?" he hissed.

"I told you that I was acquainted with every point in your game," replied Bob coolly.

The broker felt that he was driven into a corner, and his active mind reached out for some avenue of escape.

"My young friend," he said, in purring accents, and a conciliatory manner, "it seems to me that your fund of information is astonishingly large. You insinuate now that I had an accomplice and that I—well, did away with him."

"I insinuate nothing, Mr. Larue. I accuse you directly of attempting to do so."

"Attempting—only attempting, eh?" and the broker's swift brain began to catch a glimmering of the truth. "I failed to do so—is that it?"

"Why ask me that? You left your accomplice in the jaws of death, with every avenue of escape cut off. You ought to know whether the brand of Cain rests on your brow or not."

Mr. Larue drew in his breath, with a hiss. Then he smiled shrewdly.

"I see how it is. A man may set a trap ever so sure, but he cannot provide against the unexpected. You were at the Mouse-trap this afternoon. You saved Perley Pore, and he has put you wise to everything. You came here to engage my attention while he went to put the law in action against me. Very clever—very clever, indeed."

"You are wrong."

"Wrong! Not at all. The officers are perhaps downstairs, or even out in the corridor, waiting the signal to enter and take me in custody. Well, I thank you for the warning. You said a few minutes ago that I played my hand well, but that you held the ace. My dear boy, you were too modest. You should have said four aces, with a king to boot. You have forgotten, however, that in the game of life everything goes. You forget there is such a thing as a royal flush. I hold that in my hand," and he raised the bottle of Indian poison. "One drop of this is enough for me to win—yet I have a hundred or more here."

"Why do you mean?" asked Bob, startled by his manner.

"A smart—an unusual boy like you ought to guess. Death always wins, my young friend. Do you catch on?"

"Do you intend to kill yourself?"

"What else? Shall I submit to be dragged from this hotel, with shackles on my wrists and be exhibited before the populace as a would-be murderer? Thank you; I had rather not. I have lived a gentleman, and I intend to die one. If it is any satisfaction for you to witness the swift effects of this Indian poison, you are welcome to the sight. Give my last regards to my nephew. I am afraid he will hardly appreciate them after he has learned the truth."

He uncorked the vial and raised it to his lips.

"Hold, madman!" cried Bob, rushing forward, to stay his hand.

In a moment his wrist was seized in a grip of steel, and with a swift movement the broker threw him on the floor. Bob had been taken entirely off his guard and fell an easy victim to the wily rascal's device. Kneeling upon the boy's chest with all his weight, he held Bob down in spite of his struggles.

"Be quiet, my young friend!" gritted the broker. "Honors were even between us till I played my last card. The deciding trick is mine, and with it the game. Death always wins, I said, and this is death. But it is intended for you, not me."

He held the bottle poised above Bob's mouth, and the boy lay as quiet as a mouse, gazing with fascinated eyes at the red liquid, fearing to shake the hand that held his life in the balance.

CHAPTER VII.—Called Off.

The change in the situation had happened so swiftly that Bob was almost stunned. The rascally broker had certainly trapped him most artfully. The villain was a man of infinite resources. The certainty of exposure did not seem to daunt him. He seemed to be in no hurry to execute the coup de grace. He was sure of his victim and so it suited his humor to take his time.

"Well, my clever young friend, how do you feel now?" he chuckled. "In the battle of wits between us I have beaten you. I admit it was my last card, but what is the difference since it pulled the trick? Have you any message to leave to any one now that you are about to make a hasty exit from this sphere? If you have, now is your time to relieve your mind of it and I will see that it is delivered."

"If you murder me you will go to the gallows," said Bob. "Remember, your accomplice lives."

"Well, you won't, at all events," he gritted.

Bob thought that moment his last when he saw the cold, hard look that came into the man's eyes.

Indeed, Larue was on the point of letting a drop of the Indian poison fall upon the boy's lips, when the door suddenly opened and Dick Dudley came into the room. The rascal was a bit startled by the sound, and turned his head toward the door.

That took his attention off Bob, and uncon-

sciously the hand that held the bottle moved from a direct line with the boy's face. Bob saw a chance to save his life. It was a desperate one, perhaps, but his situation was about as desperate as it could be.

Quick as a flash he raised his chest and partially dislodged Larue. The bottle went flying from the rascal's hand, and in another moment he and the boy, to Dick Dudley's utter amazement, were engaged in a fierce struggle for the mastery. Releasing one of his arms, Bob smashed Larue in the jaw with all his might. The blow staggered the rascal and gave the boy the chance to wholly release himself from his enemy. He sprang on his feet and Larue was hardly a minute behind him. Then the two stood and glared at each other as if meditating a renewal of hostilities.

"What is the meaning of this, uncle?" asked Dick, stepping forward, his face betraying the astonishment and consternation he felt.

Neither of the combatants paid any attention to his words. They were too much engaged with each other at that moment.

"Uncle!" cried Dick. "Why are you——"

The broker, with an imprecation, made a sudden, cat-like spring at Bob, hoping to catch him at a disadvantage. But Bob was on the alert and stepped aside in time to avoid Larue's grip. Turning on the man, he shot out his fist and caught the broker under the ear, a blow that sent him staggering back.

"I intended to give you a chance to escape the consequences of your guilty schemes, but your fiendish attempt on my life steals my heart against you. If there is any law on this island, and I guess there is, you shall pay for your crimes!" cried Bob.

"You'll never have the satisfaction of bringing me to justice!" hissed Larue. "I shall thwart you!"

With those words he made a sudden dash for the door. Bob made an effort to head the man off, but before he could reach him he had pulled the key out of the door, slammed it after him, and locked it upon the two boys.

"Bob, what does all this mean?" asked Dick, of his flushed and excited companion.

Bob whirled around and faced his friend.

"It means that your uncle is the biggest scoundrel under the sun, and that all your illness is due to him, aided and abetted by another rascal, whose life it was my luck to save yesterday afternoon at the mouse-trap."

"Why, Bob, you must be crazy!" cried Dick.

"I'm not crazy. I told you were the victim of slow poison. You are, and the evidence of the fact is right here in this room."

Bob picked up the poison vial, which still retained a portion of its contents, and held it up before Dick's eyes.

"See!" he cried, pointing with the index finger of his other hand toward the red liquid which glistened in the last rays of the declining sun flashing through the window, "this is a deadly East Indian poison. One drop, as I told you on the veranda, is enough to paralyze, with swift death to follow. That is the stuff your uncle has been giving you—one drop to a gallon of water—in daily teaspoonful doses, and under its fatal

influence you have been fading away, like a lily under the heat of a torrid sun. Slowly murdered, in fact. There is the gallon jug on the tray of your uncle's trunk, out of which he has been feeding you."

"Oh, Bob! is this really true?" faltered Dick, impressed not only by his friend's words and manner but by the scene he had just witnessed between Bob and his uncle.

"True, Dick! It is true as the gospel. There is enough poison in that bottle to establish the fact. We will both take it together to Dr. Hemyng and ask him to have the stuff analyzed. If it isn't found to be a deadly drug, why, I'll take back everything."

"I can't understand how my uncle could do such a thing," said Dick.

"Some men will do anything for money, but when the stake amounts to five millions—just think of the temptation. Sit down and I will tell you the whole story—how I found out that your uncle was really doing you."

They sat down and Bob told Dick everything.

"Bob, you have saved my life, and henceforth I shall regard you as a brother," said Dick, when he had heard all, and realized the obligation he was under to his friend.

"All right; I believe you are grateful to me," replied Bob cheerfully.

He got up, pushed the electric button, and a bell-boy came and tried the door to get in.

"We are locked in!" cried Bob. "Call the chambermaid of this floor and tell her to let us out."

That wasn't necessary, for the key was in the door and the bell-boy let them out. The boys took the medicine to the doctor that evening and told him all the circumstances. He promised to have it analyzed. Next morning, both boys visited the police station and told their story. The authorities sent out officers to find Larue, but they were unable to locate either the broker or his accomplice. Neither man was ever heard of again by the boys. Dick could hardly let Bob out of his sight for the rest of his stay on the island. Indeed, during the days that followed they were more inseparable than ever. Dick grew steadily better, day by day, until at length he was completely cured. Dick wouldn't hear of Bob leaving him, and made him stay at the hotel until one fine morning, six weeks after, both the boys, looking the picture of health, sailed out from the harbor on the steamer, en route for New York.

CHAPTER VIII.—Back in Wall Street.

Bob had only calculated on being away from New York a month altogether, which included the time spent on the steamer in going and coming, but, as things happened, two months and a half elapsed before he again stepped ashore in the American metropolis. Dick had been away just three months. Bob accompanied Dick to a hotel and then went straight home, where his mother received him with open arms. Both of his sisters were away at work at that hour. Bob had a lot to tell about his stay on the Island of Bermuda,

notwithstanding that he had written home frequently. After he had entertained his mother for an hour or two she told him that she had bad news for him.

"Bad news!" exclaimed Bob, in some surprise. "What is it?"

"You have lost your position in Wall Street," she replied.

"The dickens I have! Because I overstayed my leave of absence? Why, Mr. Hayden told me to stay away as long as my health required it."

"You were not discharged. The fact is, Mr. Hayden failed a month ago."

"Failed!"

"Yes, and his business is being wound up. There was a kind of panic downtown in the stock market, and Mr. Hayden was unable to meet his obligations."

"That's too bad. I feel sorry for him, for he was a nice man and a fine boss. I hate to have to work for somebody else."

When his sisters came home from work they gave Bob a royal greeting.

"It seems almost a year since you went away," said Nellie Beach.

"Does it?" laughed Bob. "Why, it's only two months."

"You had a glorious time, didn't you?"

"You can bet I did!"

"Edna and I envied you many a time."

"I believe you. There is a whole lot of difference between working as a typewriter in New York and rustivating at your ease in the finest climate in the world."

"It did a world of good for you, brother, dear. You look as fine as silk."

"I feel as fine as I look. I'm all ready to get down to work again."

"You'll have to hunt up another position. Isn't that too bad?"

"Yes, for I had a pretty good job. I was just beginning to crawl up the Wall Street ladder. I suppose I'll have to begin over again."

"Not as a messenger, I hope."

"Oh, no. I'm through with that. I've got five hundred dollars left, so I can afford to look around and try and get something good."

Bob had written about the warm friendship which had sprung up between him and Dick Dudley, and he had a whole lot more to say on the subject.

"I'm going to bring him around some evening soon to see you and mother. You will find him the finest fellow in the world. It would be a fine thing if one of you girls could catch him for a husband, for, besides his personal qualities, he's worth five million dollars."

"Five millions!" exclaimed the two girls, in a breath.

"Yes. Every cent of that, and the interest he is receiving, through his guardian, amounts to a quarter of a million a year. As he doesn't spend a tenth of that, he will be worth another million in about four years, or by the time he gets to be of age."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Nellie Beach.

"A lot of money, isn't it?" said Bob.

"I should say so! The girl who wins him will live in clover."

"You mean she'll live in a fine house, with a bunch of servants at her beck and call, with a country house to go to in the summer, and automobiles and other vehicles to burn, not speaking about a box at the opera during the winter and so on."

"And lovely clothes to wear," added Edna, with sparkling eyes.

"And jewels without number," said Nellie.

"Well, it's up to one of you to catch him if you can," laughed Bob.

"Oh, we wouldn't stand any show."

"Why not? You're both as nice and as pretty as any girl of the Four Hundred. Take my word for that."

"Thank you, dear, for the compliment," said Nellie, giving him a kiss.

"Don't mention it. Dick thinks the world of me, and he has good reason to, so why shouldn't he think a lot of you, too?"

"What do you mean by saying that he has good reason to think the world of you?" asked Edna curiously.

"Well, you see, I saved his life."

"Did you? You never wrote us about that," said Nellie.

"Oh, it's a kind of secret between us," replied Bob evasively.

"Why should it be a secret?"

"For a woman's reason—just because it is."

"But you tell us how you saved his life, won't you?" asked Edna.

"Sorry, but I can keep a secret, which is more than you girls can, I guess."

"Why, the idea!" exclaimed Nellie. "Just as if a girl couldn't keep a secret as well as a boy. Come now, tell us, do dear."

"Couldn't think of it."

"But we want to know," pouted Edna.

"I see you do, but a secret is no longer a secret when told. Besides, it isn't really my secret. It's Dick's, and I have no right to tell it."

"I think that's just too provoking for anything!" said Nellie. "I don't see why there should be any secret about saving a person's life."

"Well, there is in this case," replied Bob, in a tone that showed he had no wish to continue the subject.

Next morning, Bob went down to Wall Street to look around. Everything looked as familiar to him as if he had not been away over a week. He met many of his old messenger friends and had brief talks with them. They all knew he had been away at the Bermudas, and asked him what kind of a time he had had. Around ten o'clock he visited the office where he had been employed. He found it in the hands of a receiver. Only two of the principal clerks remained, with Miss Bessie Branwell, the stenographer, and they did not expect to hold out much longer. They welcomed him in a friendly way, and he held a sort of levee until the receiver appeared. Bob introduced himself to that gentleman, and inquired about his late boss. He learned that Mr. Hayden had gone to Florida to recuperate, and had left a letter of recommendation to help him get a new position. The receiver handed it to him, and promised to aid him all he could. Bob

then got a card from him, admitting him to the gallery of the Exchange.

He went around there to see how stocks were coming on. Then he went to lunch and spent the rest of the day, up to three o'clock, in the waiting-room of the little banking and brokerage house on Nassau street, where he used to put his deals through when he was a messenger. The back of the room was occupied by a big blackboard, on which the market quotations were chalked up by a small boy as fast as they came in over a wire. The market was rather quiet, but there were indications of a rise in prices, and the room was fairly crowded with cheap speculators. The advantage of this place to small operators was that as low as five shares of any stock on the list could be bought on margin, whereas no regular broker would take an order for less than 100 shares. That made a whole lot of difference to people with only \$50 to \$100 to invest in the speculative arena. The only difference between the place and a "bucket-shop" was that business was done in regular form there. If a customer bought five shares of any stock at the little bank the stock was actually purchased and held for their account. Nevertheless, the brokers were down on the establishment like a cart load of bricks, because of the temptation it offered to messenger boys and small clerks to speculate in the market. Many an employee had lost his position through it, but it flourished, just the same, and the people who owned it made money. When the Exchange closed at three, Bob strolled around to see a young lady stenographer in a New street office. She was a particular friend of his, and had given him a tip which cleared him several hundred dollars. He had testified his gratitude by presenting her with a handsome gold locket. He walked into the office and asked for her. She came out into the reception-room and gave him a warm welcome.

"So you've been to the Bermudas for your health?" she said.

"Yes. Returned yesterday morning."

"You're looking fine," she said. "I suppose you're out of a job, owing to the failure of Mr. Hayden?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you mind. I can put you on to something that will pan out better than a job. Come out in the corridor and I'll tell you."

They went outside.

"What is the tip?" asked Bob.

"The directors of the D. & P. road will hold their annual meeting on Friday. A dividend, the first in two years, of two and a half per cent, will be declared. The stock is sure to jump several points on Saturday morning. How is that?"

"First-class. I wish I had a few thousand to put up on it. I've got \$500 I can use, however, and that's better than nothing. It will get me the call on fifty shares. I spent the rest of my funds on my sickness and the trip to Bermuda."

"You ought to make a couple of hundred, at any rate, out of my pointer."

They talked a short time together, and then Bob started uptown. He intended to call at the hotel and see Dick. He found his friend in the reading-room, perusing an afternoon newspaper.

"You're off early, aren't you, Bob?" said Dick.

"I'm not working," replied Bob, who then explained that owing to the failure of his boss while he was away he was out of a position.

"That's too bad," said Dick. "But never mind. If you run short of money call on me and I'll let you have some. I have more cash than I know what to do with."

"That's a very comfortable position to be in. Much obliged for your offer, but I sha'n't want any."

At that moment Bob thought about his tip.

He told Dick about it.

"It's a sure winner, and I'm going to buy fifty shares. I've just got money enough to cover that. How would you like to go in with me on another fifty?"

"How much will it take?"

"Five hundred dollars on the regulation margin."

"Is that all? Look here, old chap, I've got \$10,000 that is doing nothing. Now suppose you take that and put it up on 1,000 shares, half for me and half for yourself? If we win it will give you a little extra money."

"That would be fine, but I don't want to use your money. I don't want to graft on you because you're well off," replied Bob.

"Nonsense! You take the money and do as I say or I won't like it. What's the use of me having money if I don't make some good use of it, and what better use can I make of it than giving a lift to the chap who saved my life?"

"I appreciate your sentiments, Dick, but——"

"Pooh! I won't have any buts. Will you oblige me, or won't you?"

"Of course, if you insist."

"Come upstairs and I'll hand you the money. I got it to-day, intending to bank it for general expenses. I forgot to go to the bank, so now it is ready for you."

They went upstairs, and half an hour later Bob left with ten \$1,000 yellow-backs in his pocket. Next morning he visited the little bank and bought 1,000 shares of D. & P., on margin, at the market price of 92.

On Saturday morning the stock boomed to 98 and a fraction. Bob sold out at that figure and cleared \$6,000 on the deal, half of which Dick made him retain when he visited him on Monday with the money and statement. Bob, therefore, found himself worth \$3,500, and naturally he felt good.

CHAPTER IX.—Bob Hires an Office.

Two weeks had elapsed since Bob's return, and he had not connected with a job to suit him.

"Say, Bob," said Dick one evening while they were strolling up Broadway, "why don't you take a small office and set up as an operator on a small scale. I'll back you any time you need extra money to carry a deal through. You ought to do a great deal better than working for any boss."

"Playing the market is a pretty risky game," replied Bob.

"I'll allow that it is, but you're pretty well up in the Wall Street game of chance, judging from what you've told me. By using good judg-

ment and proper caution, I don't see why you shouldn't get along."

"I'll consider the matter, Dick. I'm bound to say it rather appeals to me. I should much prefer to be my own boss if I could make things go."

"Suppose you should get stuck, all you have to do is to call on me and I'll see you through. I don't know of any better way to pay up the obligation I am under to you than by starting you on the road to fortune."

"I'm much obliged for the interest you take in me," replied Bob.

"Oh, pshaw! I'd like to help you make a million."

"Thanks. I'd like to make a million myself, but that can't be done in a week, nor a month, nor a year, without big capital, with luck to keep the ball rolling."

"My father made his money from a small beginning, and he died worth more than five millions. Why shouldn't you do as well as he? You've got more money now than he had when he started out."

"Your father was a smart man."

"And you're a pretty smart boy. You proved that by driving Mr. Larue into a corner. He's a pretty hard man to down."

"That's what he is. He came pretty near doing me up. I'll never forget those five minutes that he held that bottle of Indian poison above my mouth, if I live to be a hundred. I thought I was a goner. Well, don't let us talk about that. It gives me a chill. I'll think over your suggestion about taking an office, and let you know later."

Next day, while in Wall Street, he called at his old office again. Bessie Branwell told him that her job would be up on Saturday.

"Got another position in view?" Bob asked.

"No. I am thinking about hiring an office and starting as a public stenographer," she replied. "There's good money in it."

"A good idea. I was thinking about taking an office, too. Suppose we take one together and divide the rent?"

"Why, Bob, what do you want an office for?"

"As a sort of headquarters for myself."

"Are you doing business on your own hook now?"

"I'm not doing anything at present; but I've made \$3,000 since I got back from Bermuda."

"How did you make so much as that?"

"In the stock market. Got a tip and it panned me out that."

"You were fortunate."

"A friend of mine is anxious I should hire an office and devote myself to speculating. He's ready to back me at any time if I want more money. As he's worth five million, he's a pretty handy chap to have to call on."

"Well, Bob, if you want an office I'll pay half of the rent for the use of half of the office and the privilege of putting my name and business on the door," said Bessie.

"You're on! I'll look for a place in Wall Street right away. As I don't expect to be in the office much, you will practically have it all to yourself."

"Try and get one as soon as you can, as I want to start right in."

"I'll do the best I can, but the supply of vacant offices in Wall Street is hardly equal to the demand."

Shortly afterward, Bob started to look for an office for Bessie and himself. By good luck, he soon found a small room on the sixth floor at the back of a big office building. It had just been vacated, and the tenant who was responsible for the rent till the ensuing first of May, was looking for somebody to take it off his hands. He was willing to make a concession in the price, and Bob took him up. He called for Bessie at five o'clock and took her around to see the place. She was perfectly satisfied with it, so Bob said he would have it furnished up and have a painter put their names on the door.

"All you need is a desk and a typewriter, and you can supply them yourself. I'm going to put in a safe, and you can have the use of it for nothing. Also a ticker, the clicking of which I hope won't annoy you," said Bob.

"I'm accustomed to the sound," she replied.

"A nice rug, a desk for myself, and a few pictures on the walls will finish the ornamentation, I guess. If we want anything else we'll buy it. There's a telephone already in the room, as you see."

Next day Bob proceeded to have the office put in shape for business, and by Saturday it was ready for its new occupants. On the door, across the center, was painted "Robert Beach." On one side, near the bottom, was lettered, "Mis Branwell, Public Stenographer." Bob added a clock and hung it on the wall. He bought the table-desk that Bessie said she wanted, and a new typewriter of the make she was accustomed to. The latter he secured on time payments, as the girl preferred it that way. In the meantime, Dick finally set an evening for visiting the Beach flat. Nellie and Edna Beach were in quite a flutter when they were told he was coming over on a certain evening to make their acquaintance.

"Dear me, what shall I wear?" said Nellie to her sister.

The same question was on Edna's lips. Each was anxious to create an impression on the boy who was worth five million dollars.

The bell rang and Bob was on hand to welcome his friend to his humble home, and present him to his mother. When the girls entered the parlor, Bob chuckled to note the frills they had put on.

"My sisters, Dick," said Bob. "This is Nellie, and this is Edna. They've both been dying to see you."

"Aren't you mean to say such a thing!" blushed Nellie, while Edna looked somewhat embarrassed.

"Oh, Dick doesn't mind what I say!" laughed Bob.

Dick declared he was delighted to make their acquaintance, and proceeded to make himself solid with both girls. That wasn't a very difficult job for a good-looking lad worth five millions.

The evening passed away all too soon, for Nellie and Edna, who thought their visitor was "just splendid." When he got up to go they expressed a hope that he would call soon, again, and he assured them that he would.

"I'll see you to the elevated, old man," said Bob, and the boys went off together.

They had about four blocks to go, and were

covering ground at a brisk rate when their path was suddenly blocked by three rough-looking men who had been lounging in the doorway of a cheap flat.

"Come now, cough up, young fellers, or we'll knock your blocks off!" said one.

"I don't think you will!" replied Bob, ramming the speaker in the jaw with his hard fist.

The fellow went staggering back.

"Come on!" cried Bob to his friend. "Let's hoof it! The odds are too big for us."

They started off, with the three rascals in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER X.—Bob Piles Up the Dollars.

As the boys spun around the corner they ran smack into the arms of two policemen, who were coming up the avenue.

"Hold on! What's your hurry?" asked the officers, grabbing them.

"We're running away from three men who attacked us up the block," explained Bob. "Here they come now."

The three crooks saw the officers, and, wheeling around, they started back.

The policemen, understanding the situation, gave chase. Bob and Dick then went on to the station. After parting with his friend the former started back for home, keeping a wary eye for the footpads, whom he didn't believe the officers had caught. He saw no signs of them, much to his satisfaction, and reached home all right. Bob and Bessie reached their office about the same time, Monday morning. On the girl's table lay a package of cards Bob had printed for her. They talked for half an hour, and then the girl, putting a few of the cards in her pocket, started out to drum up trade, while Bob put in an hour reading the Wall Street news and studying the previous weeks' market reports. It wasn't necessary for him to go around to the little bank to see the quotations when the Exchange opened, for they all came out on the tape of his ticket. Still, he found it lonesome in the office alone, so he went around to the bank for the sake of seeing the crowd and listening to the conversation of the speculators. He didn't return to the office till after lunch, and then he found that Bessie had secured some work and was busy at her machine.

About two o'clock, Dick dropped in to see him, and he introduced his friend to the stenographer.

"You've got quite a nice little den here, both of you," said the visitor.

"Yes," replied Bob, "it will do very well, but when Miss Barnwell gets work enough to hire a girl or two to help her, she'll probably need a larger office."

"That probably will not be soon," said Bessie. "I'll be satisfied if I can get enough work to keep steadily employed myself."

"I suppose you haven't got in on another deal yet?" said Dick to Bob.

"No, I don't see anything in sight yet."

Dick stayed half an hour and then returned uptown. Along about the middle of the week, Bob noticed that L. & M. was going up. He thought he might be able to make something out of it, and bought 100 shares.

On Saturday morning it was three points

higher than what he gave for it, and he concluded that he'd sell out.

"Three hundred dollars isn't much to make when you've got office rent to pay, but still it's better than nothing. I've started, at any rate, and that's some satisfaction," he told himself, after he had put his selling order in at the little bank.

He was standing in front of the Exchange on the following Monday, when he heard a well-known operator tell a prominent broker to buy all the D. & C. he could get hold of until he told him to stop. Bob thought that looked like a pretty good tip, so he left an order at the little bank for 300 shares of the stock, at 80.

He was on his way back to his office when he saw Dick crossing Broad Street. He waited for his friend to reach Wall Street and cross over, when he walked up behind him.

"Hello, old man!" he said, clapping his hand on Dick's shoulder.

"Why, hello, Bob! I was just going to your office," replied Dick.

"So was I; so we'll go there together."

"I've got something to tell you," said Dick. "It's private and important. Can I speak before Miss Branwell?"

"Yes. She's thoroughly reliable. We understand each other fully, and I'd trust her with any of my business affairs."

"Oh, all right! This is a matter of business. I may say a tip I got hold of that I want to put you wise to."

"A tip, eh? I got a pretty good one a while ago and have gone the whole hog on it. You can come in on it if you want."

"Thanks; but the one I got is good enough if I want to speculate again."

"Well, I'll hear about it, and if I think it's better than what I'm in on I'll change about."

"You can rely on it being what you call a winner."

They walked into Bob's office, and Dick bowed to Miss Branwell, who was busy with a pile of work she had secured.

"Now I'll listen to you, old man," said Bob, taking his seat at his desk.

"I was waiting to see a friend on a matter of business. He's a broker, you understand that," said Dick.

"I do."

"He was engaged with a big gun for whom he acts as broker. The head bookkeeper went into his private room with some papers, and when he came out he did not close the door tight, by accident, and I heard a few words that passed inside. The visitor told my friend to buy all the D. & C. shares he could get hold of till he told him to stop."

"What shares?" asked Bob, quickly.

"D. & C."

"Why, that's the very stock I got the tip on myself."

"Is that so?" replied Dick, in some surprise.

"Yes," and Bob told him how he picked it up.

He described the operator who had given the order he overheard, and Dick declared that it was the same man who was in the broker's office.

"Then there is no doubt but the pointer is all right," said Bob.

"How many shares did you buy on margin?" asked Dick.

"Three hundred. That is as many as I could put up the cash to hold."

"Well, you must buy 1,000 more for yourself if you can get them."

"How can I?"

"I'll lend you the money to do it."

"Oh, I say, that's too——"

"I'll take no refusal. You must do as I say, Bob," said Dick firmly. "Come around to the safe deposit vaults with me and you shall have the money. You have no time to lose if you want to get hold of the stock."

"And how about yourself?"

"You can buy a thousand shares for me, too, if your broker can get them, but you must get your shares first. I don't really care much whether I get it on this or not, for I won't know what to do with my winnings."

"You're the first person I ever met who wasn't greedy for every dollar in sight," smiled Bob.

"What's the use, when I've got an annual income of a quarter of a million? What more does a chap want? Why, by the time I'm twenty-one I'll be worth another million or more, and that will send my income up another \$50,000."

"You are one of the fortunate few, Dick."

"Yes; but where would I be now but for you, old man? Under the turf in the Island of Bermuda, in all likelihood. I have made up my mind to push you up the financial ladder, and I don't want you to try and thwart me."

"It's very kind of you. I'm just helping you to get the money you need to operate with in the Street. What's \$3,000? You're liable to make a bad deal any time that would wipe you clean out of that. You need \$100,000 at least to make a decent showing. It takes money to make money in Wall Street, and I'm going to see that you get the sinews of war."

"Well, I don't want to scrap with you, so I suppose I'll have to let you have your way."

"Come on, then. You have no time to lose if you're going to get hold of a thousand shares of D. & C."

The boys went out together, and twenty minutes later Bob planked down the money to cover the margin on 1,000 more shares of the stock he was already interested in. He and Dick hung around the little bank's waiting-room for an hour, and then went to lunch, after which Dick went uptown. Bob now had a strong interest in the market, and he devoted his attention strictly to watching D. & C. Three or four days passed before there was any marked movement in the stock, and then it gradually climbed up to 86.

Bessie had the office to herself most of the time, but she didn't get lonesome, as she managed to pick up enough work to keep her fairly busy. On the tenth day after Bob bought the stock, it was ruling at 90. He would have kept Dick informed of the situation, but that lad had gone out of town on a visit to a relative.

On the eleventh day, whoever was manipulating D. & C. began to get busy. When the Exchange opened for business a wash sale established a basis for a certain broker to follow, and he began to bid it up from that point until it reached 98, when he stopped. The booming of the stock attracted considerable attention, and a

great deal of business was done in it, many brokers selling short, on the chance that the rise wouldn't last, and the price would decline.

These sales were made on from one to three days delivery contracts. When the broker stopped a movement was made by the shorts to precipitate a slump. It failed, though the price did fall a couple of points, which helped some of them, who, finding that the market was pretty stiff, got out. Next day the stock went up to 102, and then Bob concluded he wouldn't take any more chances on it. He sold out at 102 and a fraction, and on the 1,300 shares he cleared a profit of \$28,600, which made him worth over \$32,000. And he owed most of it to the kindness of his friend Dick.

CHAPTER XI.—Bob Gets In on the Slump.

When Dick got back to his hotel he dropped Bob a postal card and the young speculator went up to see him.

"So you made a good thing out of D. & C.?" smiled Dick, when Bob had reported the result of his deal.

"Didn't you expect me to?"

"Yes; but if you hadn't played the game right you might have failed to realize the profits that came your way."

"Oh, I didn't go to sleep over that deal. I was looking for all I could make," replied Bob.

"Now, you're worth \$30,000?"

"Yes, and something over. I have enough to go ahead by myself now."

"If you want any more you know where to get it."

Bob gave his mother \$1,000 to put in the bank for herself, and suggested that she look up a better flat. She promised to do so, and the girls were delighted at the prospect of a change for the better. Bob didn't do anything in the market for a couple of weeks.

He didn't see any chance that attracted him. Then something happened that gave his working capital quite a boost, though he took a considerable risk under the spur of the situation. He was in the gallery of the Exchange, watching the brokers on the floor, when the market suddenly became demoralized and the prices of the chief stocks occupying the attention of the public began to drop like hot cakes. Inside of fifteen minutes Wall Street seemed on the verge of a speculative panic. Bob thought he saw a chance to profit by the drop, and he lost no time in getting around to the little bank, where he ordered 3,000 shares of N. & P., to be sold for his account, putting up a margin of \$30,000.

This was an unusual big deal for the little bank to handle, and the head of this concern called Bob inside to question him about it.

"What do you want to know?" the boy asked.

"Who are you placing this deal for?"

"For myself."

"You're only a boy. How can you——"

"Look here, Mr. Judge, I've got no time to waste. There is my margin. If you want to take my order do so at once. Prices are going to smash while you're talking to me, and I may lose several thousand dollars to no purpose. I want that stock sold at once. If you don't want

to take the order I'll go elsewhere."

"We'll take it," said the gentleman hastily, and he gave an order to that effect.

The 3,000 shares of N. & P. were sold at 150, and Bob proceeded to keep his eyes on the black-board. For three hours prices kept dropping like run. At the end of that time N. & P. was down to 129. From eleven until two no effort seemed to have been made to stem the tide of liquidation, and more than a dozen active shares were thrown over in enormous volume. The afternoon papers, in trying to explain the slump, said that a certain stock, which they mentioned, had been "pegged" at 80, and that it would not be permitted to go below that figure. When about eleven o'clock 1,000 shares of it was sold at 80, and almost immediately following there was another sale of 1,000 shares at 79 $\frac{3}{4}$, there was great excitement on the Stock Exchange, which extended to every brokerage house in the Street.

The turning point came at two o'clock, when representatives of a certain big banking house appeared at the post of the stock in question and began buying and bidding it up. Bob was in the Exchange gallery at the time, having just been to lunch, and when he saw that prices were beginning to recover he rushed around to the little bank and ordered that 3,000 N. & P. be bought to deliver on his contract. The representative of the little bank secured the shares at 129 $\frac{3}{8}$, and so Bob cleaned up a profit of \$60,000 in three hours.

Bob remained at the bank till he found out what the shares had been bought for, and then figured up his profit for himself.

"Gee! I'll bet there aren't many people around here who have made more money than I have to-day. Why, I've just scooped it up. Just think of making \$60,000! Why, it's a fortune in itself. If the reporters heard that a Wall Street boy had made that much out of this slump they'd have an account at the top of it."

Bob hurried around to his office to tell Bessie about his extraordinary luck.

"Why, Bob, you're joking!" she cried, with a look of astonishment.

"Not a bit of it, Bessie. That is straight goods. I'm worth nearly \$100,000. When I hired this office I only had \$3,000. And when I came back from the Bermudas I had just \$500, and that happened not much over three months ago," he said.

"How did you make so much to-day?" she asked.

Bob explained about the slump, and how he just happened to jump in at the right time, and get out at the proper moment.

"If the slump had been arrested, and prices went the other way, why I might have lost a good part of my \$30,000," he said. "That's the chance I took."

"My, but you're a fortunate boy!" she said.

"It's better to be born lucky than rich," replied Bob. "I guess there is no danger of me living on snowballs this winter."

"It doesn't look like it," she answered.

He lost no time in acquainting Dick with his good fortune, and that youth offered his congratulations.

"You are coming on fast, Bob," he said. "That

was as shrewd a deal as any old timer could have put through."

"Yes, I think I can pat myself on the back over it," replied Bob.

"Don't get a swelled head over your luck and grow reckless with the idea of becoming a millionaire all at once, or your ninety odd thousand might melt away so fast that it would make your head swim," smiled Dick.

"I'll be careful. I know the game I'm up against."

"So did Mr. Larue know it, better than you, and yet he nearly went to the wall. Go slow now that you have a good start. You're not nineteen yet."

"I shall keep your advice in mind, Dick. Come down to-morrow and I'll take you over to Delmonico's to lunch. Now I'm going home."

He nearly paralyzed his mother when he told her how much he had made that day in three hours. It took considerable argument on his part to convince her that he wasn't giving her a jelly.

"I don't see how you could do it—a boy like you."

"I may be a boy, mother, but my brains are working overtime, and so is my luck."

"What are you going to do with so much money?"

"Use most of it to help me make a million."

"I hope you won't lose all this money you've made trying for the million," said his mother, who couldn't yet realize her son's good fortune.

"I'll try not to. The girls will be surprised, won't they?"

His mother said they would, and they certainly were when Bob told them about his "short" deal.

"Are you going to buy a house on Riverside Drive for us?" Nellie asked.

"Well, hardly yet a while. Wait till I'm worth a million."

"And when do you expect to be worth that?"

"Ask me something easier. They say the first hundred thousand is the hardest to get. If that be true, I'll get the million soon, for I got my ninety thousand so easy, that I can hardly believe it's real money."

"I'll take the chances of that if you'll give me some of it," laughed Edna.

"Will you? How much do you want?"

"All I can get."

"Well, when I get a settlement with the bank I'll see how much I can afford to let you have."

"Don't forget me," interjected Nellie. "I want some, too."

"Sure. I wouldn't leave you out. I don't want to become suddenly baldheaded," laughed Bob.

Just then their mother called them to supper, and they drew chairs up to the family board and fell to with a hearty appetite.

CHAPTER XII.—Held Up.

The people at the head of the little bank were rather astonished at Bob's clever coup. They didn't believe that he had really been acting for himself until they looked up his record on their books and saw that he had been winning steadily

of late, and had accumulated the \$30,000 he put up on N. & P. from a comparatively small beginning. His luck was so phenomenal that they couldn't keep the matter quiet, and so the news gradually got around the Street. Most of the brokers were incredulous, but there were some who, for reasons, took the trouble to investigate the matter. It soon became known that the young operator had his office on the sixth floor of the Hampton Building. A reporter, hearing the rumor of the boy's great luck, called at Bob's office to interview him on the subject.

"Is it true that you made \$50,000 or more out of the recent slump, Mr. Beach?" he inquired, hauling out his notebook.

"If I did make it I don't think it is anybody's business but my own," replied Bob, politely.

"Anything out of the usual run is a matter of general interest to the public," replied the newspaperman, cheerfully.

"I don't believe that a person's private affairs should be published."

"When a boy—you are under twenty-one, I believe, Mr. Beach—makes a coup in the stock market such as you are credited with having done, the public are curious to learn how you did it."

"I did it by using my brains," replied Bob.

"You admit, then, that you did win a considerable amount through the late slump?"

"I suppose you'll ask me next whether I robbed a bank to get the money necessary to make the deal," smiled Bob.

"Hardly; but the public will be interested in learning the successive stages by which you achieved your success."

"How do you know there were any successive stages? The money I used to work my late deal might have come to me as a legacy."

"It might, but I judge that it didn't. You began in a small way, I suppose, was successful and gradually worked up to the point that enabled you to command that capital with which you went in on the slump. That's right, isn't it?"

"I will neither admit nor deny your deduction. You will have to excuse me now as I have an important engagement," said Bob.

This was merely a bluff to get rid of the reporter. Next morning one of the large dailies had the story of Bob's "meteoric career" in the stock market, which the reporter had put together largely out of his own imagination, with extracts from the interview, twisted in most cases to fit in to the best advantage, and when Bob read it he learned more about himself than he ever knew before. Three-quarters of the people of Wall Street, from the brokers down, read the story with varying shades of credulity. Most of the brokers disbelieved it, for only a few had heard of Bob before, and they knew him only as the one-time messenger of Hayden, the ex-trader. It was hardly credited that the boy had made a fortune out of the slump. But the people of Wall Street were not the only ones who read the story.

The paper had a large circulation, and thousands of people read it, and they saw no reason for doubting it. Among the number were two sharpers named Colby and Dennison. They had an office in Grand street—a back room on the top floor of a three-story, old-fashioned building.

"Colby & Dennison," was painted on the door, and also ornamented a tin sign downstairs, but even the janitor of the building didn't know what kind of business they were in. At odd times a succession of visitors called on them in answer to an advertisement inserted in a Sunday paper, and the firm generally separated these people from a \$5 bill, if the callers had that much about them; if they didn't, Colby & Dennison compromised on a lesser amount.

What the two sharpers gave in return for these contributions was a matter which rested entirely between them and their victims. Colby & Dennison always went through three or four of the morning papers. They found it profitable in the long run. Colby was the first to see the story about Bob Beach, and he pointed it out to Dennison.

"Here's another embryo Jay Gould," laughed Colby. "Made \$50,000 in a recent speculative panic in Wall Street. He must be feeling his oats now. I think we ought to make his acquaintance. We might be able to transfer a few of his simoleons to our pockets. If we're going to continue to eat we've got to raise the price."

Dennison read the article and then looked at his partner.

"Any proposition to make?" he asked.

"We might buy a dozen blank stock certificates, have the name of some mining company printed in, fill them out for 100 shares each, sign the names of bogus officers, and then one of us could visit this Wall Street kid and try to work the shares off on him," said Colby.

"We might do it, but I'm afraid it would be energy wasted. That certificate business has been worked to death. Think up something else," said Dennison.

"Think up something yourself. You represent half of the brains of the firm."

"I wonder where he keeps his money. He couldn't put but a small amount in a savings bank, and a boy isn't allowed to carry a business account with any of the other banks. He must either keep it in a safe deposit box, or he has a safe in his office to deposit it in. We might visit him, offering some excuse, and if he has a safe we might intimidate him into opening it, so that we could get away with whatever money we found inside of it."

"And if we got caught at that game we would not get less than ten years. I am willing to stretch the law, but I ain't stuck on breaking it to that extent."

"Colby, you are becoming too cautious in your old age," chuckled Dennison. "We've got to live, and I think this young Wall Street winner might just as well contribute to our support as not."

"We've got to be cautious if we want to keep out of jail."

"Colby, it's the man with nerve who succeeds."

"I don't think anybody can accuse us of want of nerve."

"You mean of gall. Real nerve is a different thing altogether."

"If I was sure he had a safe and kept his money in it, I'd be willing to take some chances to see the inside of it."

"We'd better disguise ourselves as clergymen and call on him on the plea that we're looking for

donations to buy red flannel shirts for the benighted heathen of Africa or the Fiji Islands. While one of us engages his attention in conversation, the other can be taking in the office. We'll go prepared for business in case he looks easy."

The two rascals talked the matter up and finally they decided to visit Bob that afternoon. There was a costumer's place on Grand street where they could secure most anything in the shape of a disguise they wanted. The proprietor knew them, and had helped them out before. So after making their plans they went to a cheap beanery for lunch, and then called on the costumer. Half an hour later they came out on the street, looking like a pair of clericals. Colby's face was disguised with a pair of mutton-chop whiskers, which he irreverently called "fire-escapes," while Dennison had a beard, which he alluded to as "lace curtains."

In any event they would hardly have been recognized by people who knew them. They took an elevated train and rode down to Hanover Square, whence they made their way to Wall Street, and inquired for the Hampton Building. They walked solemnly into the elevator and asked to be let out at the sixth floor.

The hour was half-past four, at which time Bob was generally on his way home. The sharpers were not familiar with the quitting time of the Wall Street houses, having the idea that everybody worked till five. They timed their visit with the idea of catching the boy alone. It happened to their luck that Bob did not go home at his usual hour on this afternoon, as he had received several mining papers from the West, and stayed to look them over. Bessie finished her day's work and left the office at the moment the sharpers approached the door.

"Ahem! miss," said Colby, stopping her. "Is Robert Beach in his office?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"May I ask is he alone?"

"He is."

"Thank you. We are from the American Missionary Society, and our young friend promised us a small contribution to provide red flannel——"

Dennison gave Colby a thump in the side and said hastily: "Overcoats, miss."

Bessie stared, then bowed and walked away.

"Say, what did you thump me for, Dennison?" asked Colby. "And then chip in with the word overcoats. Who ever heard of red flannel overcoats?"

"Never mind. Go on and knock. He's alone, and things ought to come our way."

Colby walked up to the door and knocked gently.

"Come in!" said Bob.

The disguised sharpers immediately entered.

Bob was surprised to see two clerical-looking individuals.

"Mr. Beach, I presume?" said Colby, with a kind of English drawl.

"Yes, sir; that is my name."

"You will pardon this intrusion, but we are representatives of the American Missionary Society, and are soliciting small donations in the interest of the benighted heathen."

"Oh, I see!" smiled Bob. "You have official authority, I presume, for making collections?"

"Of course."

"Will you oblige me by showing it?" said Bob, who was not sure of the religious character of his visitors, since he was aware that many wolves, disguised in sheep's clothing, went around the business parts of New York, fleecing the unsuspecting public.

Colby was rather taken back by this request. Neither he nor Dennison expected to be asked to produce their credentials. They supposed that their ministerial appearance would cover the ground.

"Haw! Do you doubt my word, young man?" Colby asked, with an injured look.

"Not at all, sir; but so many sharpers go around the offices, representing themselves as agents for this or that charitable organization that I believe one ought to make sure who he is giving away money to," replied Bob, pleasantly.

The two rascals saw that they would have to proceed to business without delay. They had hoped to get the boy to open his safe for the purpose of handing them out a \$5 bill as donation.

"Show the young man your authority," said Dennison significantly, as he backed toward the door.

Colby understood, and putting his hand into his pocket pulled out a revolver and leveled it at Bob's head saying:

"Utter a cry for help and it will be your last!"

As he spoke Dennison turned the key in the lock and then came forward.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Biters Bitten.

Bob was taken by surprise and could only stare at the two disguised rascals. In a moment his presence of mind returned.

"This is a hold-up!" he said.

"You can call it what you choose," replied Colby, curtly. "Get up and open your safe."

"There's nothing in it that would be of any advantage to you."

"We will be the judges of that. Do as I say!"

"You chaps have made a mistake in coming to me."

"We are not going to waste time arguing the matter. Open the safe, do you understand?" said Colby threateningly.

"Well, if I must, I must, I suppose," replied Bob in a resigned tone, pushing back his chair.

"Remember, if you utter a cry I shall shoot!" said Colby.

"That would only defeat your purpose and insure your capture. There are many clerks in the offices on this corridor. The report of a pistol would alarm the floor, and you couldn't get away."

"We'll take the chances of that. You'd go to the morgue at any rate."

"That wouldn't do you any good. It would only——"

"Are you going to open the safe?"

"Certainly. I have no objection, since I have nothing to lose to speak of."

Bob proceeded to twist the combination till the safe was unlocked. Then he pulled the ponderous doors open, revealing an inner steel door, which possessed a keyhole and a handle.

"Unlock that inside door."

"Have patience. I will get the key. It is in the drawer of my desk."

Bob turned his back on them as he pulled out one of his drawers. He was a plucky boy and resolved to take some chances in order to defeat the rascals. In that drawer he kept a cocked revolver of the bulldog pattern. Grasping it by the handle, and calculating his next move, he suddenly swung around and discharged it full at Colby.

The rascal, taken by surprise, fell to the ground, with a hoarse cry, and a bullet in his chest.

"Now, hold up your hands!" cried Bob, covering Dennison, who held a revolver by his side.

That rascal was staggered by the sudden change in the situation.

"Drop that gun or I'll shoot you down in self-defense!" said Bob resolutely.

The fate which had overtaken his companion so disconcerted the rascal that he obeyed.

"Now back over against that wall!"

Dennison obeyed. Bob walked to the door and unlocked it. The report of the revolver had startled the clerks on that floor. Most of them were preparing to go home, and they rushed out into the corridor to find out what had happened. Bob threw open the door and called to the nearest to enter his office. They did so, and several others blocked the doorway. All saw a groaning and bleeding man on the floor, whom they took for a clergyman, while a second stood, in a sullen way, against the opposite wall.

"What is the trouble?" asked a head-clerk, looking at Bob.

"Two rascals, in the disguise of ministers, came in here and tried to hold me up, but they made a mistake in their victim. I shall be obliged to you if you will step over to the telephone, call up the police and explain the situation."

The head-clerk immediately did as he was requested.

"You might also call for an ambulance," said Bob. "The man on the floor seems to be badly hurt. I regret that I was obliged to shoot him, but I had to do it in self-defense. You see, he has a revolver in his hand."

The head-clerk then called up the nearest hospital and asked that an ambulance be sent to the Hampton Building on Wall Street. The crowd grew larger in the meantime, but Bob kept them outside the door. While waiting for the police he explained what had transpired, and the spectators agreed that he was a boy of nerve. They all knew that he was the lad who figured in the newspaper story of that morning, and he was an object of no little curiosity to them. The news spread downstairs, and the superintendent came up.

When he heard Bob's story he complimented the boy on his nerve.

"If you'd shot them both they wouldn't have got more than they deserved," he said.

The news got out on the street and reached the ears of a Wall Street detective. He hurried up to Bob's office to verify it. He forced his way through the crowd and got into the room, explaining who he was. Bob told him his story.

The detective pulled the false whiskers and beard off the men, but did not recognize them as

crooks whose faces he knew. He handcuffed Dennison. Two policemen and the ambulance appeared almost simultaneously. The surgeon examined the wounded man and said he was badly wounded.

"He must be taken to the hospital at once," he said.

Colby was carried downstairs, bundled into the ambulance on a stretcher, and one of the policemen accompanied him to the hospital.

The other officer told Bob he must consider himself under arrest.

"All right," said the boy, "I'll go with you, but I had to shoot to save myself."

"The magistrate will take that into consideration when you are taken before him," replied the officer.

So Bob locked up and accompanied the policeman, with his other prisoner, to the police station. The man at the desk took down Dennison's pedigree and also Bob's.

He had no option but to look the Wall Street lad up also. Bob, however, was permitted to telephone to the hotel for his friend Dick. The lad came to the phone, and Bob explained the situation to him.

"You know a couple of well-known lawyers, Dick. I wish you'd call on one of them and get him to help me out of my scrape."

"I'll do it, old man. I'll be right down to see you then."

"Call at the Tombs, for I'll be taken there in an hour."

"All right."

Bob and Dennison had hardly been landed at the Tombs when Dick and a prominent lawyer appeared. Bob told his story to the legal gentleman.

The lawyer telephoned the hospital in order to learn the condition of the prisoner there. Then he and Dick went away. In the course of an hour Dick returned to the Tombs with an order for Bob's release.

"I never thought I'd be in jail," said Bob, as they walked out together.

"Lots of things happen that we never count on," replied Dick. "You are now paroled in the custody of Mr. Batterson, the lawyer. He is responsible for your appearance in the police court at eleven o'clock to-morrow, and he will be there to look after your interests. Whether the magistrate will hold you under bail will depend on the condition of the fellow you shot, unless Mr. Batterson can get him to make a statement favorable to you."

"If he won't make that statement will I be held for shooting him?"

"That will depend on circumstances. The magistrate has ordered a detective to investigate the antecedents and records of the two rascals. Doubtless his report in court will let you out."

"I hope so. If I hadn't shot one of the rascals they would have done me up."

"You did right, in my opinion, but the trouble is a person is not supposed to take the law into his own hands."

"Oh, I don't know. A fellow's office is his castle, same as his home. He has a right to shoot an intruder, when that intruder is armed, and he cannot put him out without having recourse

to force. Every person has a right to defend his life."

"That's true; but you must show that your life was in danger."

"The rascal held a revolver to my head and threatened to shoot me. I'm not a mind-reader to tell whether he was bluffing or not."

"Both of the rascals may deny that they threatened you."

"I can bring a score of witnesses to show that the man I shot had a weapon in his hand. And the Wall Street detective picked up the other man's gun off the floor. What more evidence do you want?"

"Don't worry, Bob. You'll get off all right," said Dick, getting up to leave the car on which they were riding uptown.

Bob kept on toward home.

CHAPTER XIV.—Bob's Sharp Deal in Copper.

"You're late to-night, Bob," said his mother, when he walked into the house long after Mrs. Beach and her daughters had finished their dinner.

"Couldn't help it, mother. Circumstances over which I had no control kept me away."

"I have kept your dinner warm in the oven for you. Will you have it or did you dine at a restaurant?"

"I'll have it now. I suppose I might as well explain the cause of my delay in getting home, for you're bound to see it in the paper in the morning."

Bob then went on and told what followed, which included his arrest, temporary incarceration in a cell, and his ultimate release through the help of his friend Dick. Mrs. Beach and her daughters looked very solemn when Bob concluded his story. They were wondering what would happen to Bob in the event that the man he shot should die. Naturally, his mother voiced her reflections.

"Well, I hope he won't die, mother, but I don't think anything will be done to me if he should turn up his toes. He was the aggressor, and I shot him in self-defense," replied Bob. "The magistrate wouldn't have parolled me if he thought I was much to blame."

Nevertheless, his mother and sisters took a serious view of the affair. The morning papers all had an account of the incident, and Bob found himself more in the limelight than ever. The papers referred to him as the boy who was reported to have made a big haul in Wall Street stocks lately, and it was intimated that the supposition that he had a bunch of money in his office was the cause of the hold-up. Bob appeared in court with Dick and the lawyer, and Dennison was brought to the bar. He pleaded not guilty, and then Bob told his story. The hospital authorities reported that the wounded man was doing well, and would recover. The magistrate held Dennison for the Grand Jury, and discharged Bob from custody. Bessie read the story of the trouble at the office in her morning paper, and she was much concerned about Bob. She didn't see him till he returned from the court, about noon.

"Oh, Bob, I'm so sorry to think you got into such trouble yesterday afternoon," she said, when he came into the office with Dick. "And to think that I met those men just outside the door, and one of them asked me if you were in and alone."

"Is that so?" replied Bob.

"Yes. I thought they were ministers."

"So did I when they came in, but they soon undeceived me."

Later on, several of the tenants on that floor dropped in to compliment him on the nervy way he had acted, and a number of brokers who were strangers to him called also to make his acquaintance, and tell him what a plucky boy they thought he was. One of these traders was a man named Hill, who had seen the story about his alleged coup in the market, and was anxious to find out if there was any truth in the statement.

"Say, Beach," he said, in a confidential tone, "did you really make a good thing out of the recent slump, as the papers reported?"

"You'll have to excuse me from answering that question, Mr. Hill. If I made it I am not saying anything about it, and if I didn't make it I'm just as silent on the subject. You know the papers print a lot of rot under the guise of facts. The man who wrote that story was in to interview me. I told him nothing to speak of, and you see what he made of it. Any one reading the story would imagine I had been interviewed at length, and that I confined all the facts to the paper. Why, he has said things about me I never dreamed of."

"Well, it's rumored all over the Street that you made over \$50,000," said Mr. Hill, "and the story would hardly get about unless there was some truth in it."

Bob smiled, and nothing that the trader said could make him commit himself one way or the other. Broker Hill felt greatly disappointed, and he left without having obtained any definite assurance on the matter he was interested in. A couple of days later he called again. Bob was in, and the broker said he could put him on to a good thing if he had twenty or thirty thousand dollars to put up.

"What is your good thing?" Bob asked, curiously.

Hill said that he and several others, whose names he did not mention, were forming a pool to boom a certain stock, which he did not mention, either.

"We need one more to make the pool complete," he went on. "I mentioned you, and the others said I could call on you and invited you to come in."

"Who are the other gentlemen interested in this deal?"

"I have a list of their names in my pocket which I will show you when you are one of us."

"Well, Mr. Hill, it is against my business policy to put my money before I know something about what it's going to be used for," replied Bob.

"It will be perfectly safe. The deal is a sure winner. In fact, it's just like finding money."

"Then, I suppose you are going to make use of inside information?"

"We are. It will be a regular cinch for you. Well, what do you say? Are you on?"

Bob shook his head.

"I'm much obliged to you for the invitation, but

when I speculate I prefer to play a lone hand," he said.

Broker Hill saw that it was useless to continue the argument, so he got up, bowed a little stiffly and left. Bob laughed to himself.

That afternoon Bob learned, through a note from his friend the New street stenographer, that a big pool had been formed among the operators of the Curb, who gave their attention principally to copper, to boom a new copper proposition which had lately come on the market. The stock was selling now, around \$2 a share, and there was a large amount of it outstanding. The combine had been quietly gathering it in for a week past and it was beginning to get scarce. Bob, instead of going to the little bank this time, started out to buy the stock himself, outright. He soon found it hard to get. All he secured that afternoon was 5,000 shares, which he paid \$10,000 for, and was promised the certificates as soon as they had been transferred to his name. Next morning he ran across Broker Hill on the street.

"Good morning, Mr. Hill!" he said politely.

"Good morning!" replied Hill, in a chilly way.

"I am looking for some United States copper shares," said Bob. "Do you know any one who has any?"

"How many shares do you want?" asked Hill, brightening up.

"Any part of ten, twenty or thirty thousand," replied Bob.

"Come right over to my office with me. I've got 25,000 shares which you can have for 2 1-8."

"What the matter with \$2?" said Bob, not moving. "That's the market price."

"If you will buy the stock outright for cash I'll let you have them for \$2."

"It's a bargain," said Bob.

He accompanied Hill to his office, saw the certificates and bought them. As soon as he handed the broker \$50,000 the certificates were sent to the transfer office. Bob picked up another 10,000 that day at \$2, which made his holdings 40,000, and tied up \$80,000 of his capital. Next day a raid was made on United States Copper and it was forced down to fifty cents a share. Bob grinned and did not appear to be alarmed. He had a call from the representative of the pool. Bob told him plainly that he could afford to hold on to the stock indefinitely, and was going to do it. After a short argument, the man went away and next day the stock went back to \$2, and the day after it rose to \$3. In a week it was up to \$8, and then suddenly dropped to \$5. It stayed there several days, and Bob had another offer, this time of \$6.

He refused, and two days afterward it jumped up to \$10. Then it went to \$15, and Bob sold out, clearing \$340,000. The maddest man in Wall Street was Broker Hill, when he heard how much Bob had made, for he saw he had lost a barrel of coin by selling his block of shares to the lucky boy.

CHAPTER XV.—Master of the Market.

As soon as Bob collected his money he went up to Tiffany's and bought his friend, the New street

stenographer, a set of diamond ornaments that cost him \$1,000. He sent them around to her by a messenger, wrapped in two \$500 bills, and note telling her he had made a big haul out of her tip. He called on Dick and told him about the deal.

The idea of becoming a boy millionaire had taken a firm hold on his mind, and he intended to reach the summit of his wishes if it lay in his power. He also had another object in view, and that was to win the heart of Bessie Branwell, his office partner. Bob had always liked her, and now, since they had been together for a matter of six months he saw more in her than he ever noticed before.

One day, Bob heard two brokers talking about a little railroad line in New Jersey. The stock was mostly owned by the residents of the towns along the line. The building of a trolley extension a few years before had cut off so much of its traffic that it no longer paid operating expenses, and there was an annual deficit, which was met by the stockholders who did not want the road to go into the hands of a receiver. Half of the stock was practically for sale at the market price of \$20, par value \$50, but nobody wanted it bad enough to buy. The broker, who was doing the talking, said, however, that a company was forming on the quiet to take over the road at \$20, if it couldn't be had for less, extend the line five miles to a large and beautiful lake, and convert the new terminal into an up-to-date watering place.

The broker went on to say that he had subscribed for \$25,000 worth of stock in the new company, which had been organized under the laws of New Jersey, and he advised his friend to get in on the proposition.

"The railroad stock will be retired," he said, "for the new company will own the road as a part of its assets. You can subscribe for the company's stock at 40, the par value being 50, but after it gets into operation, in the course of a year, it will be hard to purchase at any figure."

"There's a mortgage on the road, isn't there?"

"Yes, of \$1,000,000, which we will assume as a matter of course."

"If the shareholders of the road learn about the object of this new company they will be likely to hold the company up for a higher price for their stock."

"We have secured options already on 20,000 shares so far, at prices from 15 to 20. The only hitch is the controlling interest, 25,100 shares, held by the widow of the president. She lives in Tuxedoville, and wanted 25, but has come down to 22. We will fetch her yet at 20 cash."

"Suppose she had held out for 25, what could you do but give it?"

"That's true; but we have people at work circulating statements about the road in her vicinity that will give her cold feet, and we'll get the stock at 20, don't you fear?"

That's all Bob heard, but it set him to thinking. After thinking for an hour or two he went up to see his friend Dick. He had a long talk with that lad, the result of which was that Dick agreed to loan him \$100,000 cash. When he got the money he drew most of his own out of his safe deposit box and deposited the sum of \$527,100 in

a big city bank, taking a certificate of deposit, which was transferable, for same.

This represented the price of the 25,100 shares of the little railroad's stock at 21. Then, with the certificate in his pocket, he visited the widow at Tuxedoville and had an interview with her. When he left the house she had the certificate in her possession, with the following written across it:

"Pay the face of this certificate of deposit to Mrs. Martha Gage on presentation of Certificate No. 1, of the D. & S. R. R. Co., for 25,100 shares, made out in the name of the undersigned.

"ROBERT BEACH."

Next day the widow had the stock transferred to Bob, and presented the new certificates in his name, with the certificate of deposit, at the New York bank. She received the money and the stock was sent by the bank's messenger to Bob at his office. Next day, Bob went to the lawyer who got him out of the shooting scrape and had a talk with him; the result of this was an application to the New Jersey Legislature for an extension of the franchise of the D. & S. road to Crystal Lake.

The matter was quickly put through within the month, during which Bob had other visits from the representative of the new company that expected to get hold of the little railroad. The option on the 20,000 shares the company had bargained for being on the point of expiring, enough cash was called for to pay for them. Accordingly, an offer of 25 was made to Bob for his stock. He declined, and then said to his visitor:

"I have just secured an extension of the road franchise to Crystal Lake. I am going to build the road from Tuxedoville there."

His caller gasped.

"I have a backing of five millions to a project to turn Crystal Lake into a magnificent summer resort. Do you want to buy me out? I know your company has purchased 20,000 shares of the road's stock, but I have a corner on it, for I control a hundred shares more than half. I am master of the market and the situation, too. The annual meeting will be held next month. I shall have a majority in the board of directors, and will elect my own officers unless you want to take the controlling interest off my hands at 50. I will accept half cash and half stock at 40 in your company. That is my ultimatum."

There was a meeting of the new company next day, and the stockholders experienced a shock when Bob's proposition was laid before them. It happened that a man, Bob Jones, was a large stockholder in the new company, and when he learned that Bob was the master of the situation he was mad clean through.

"I'll go around and see him and make him haul in his horns," he said. "We will give him just 25 in cash. Send me a certified check for \$627,500 to my office, and I'll go around and make him come up with the certificates."

He was given the chance to see what he could do. He sent a note around to Bob telling him that he would call with a certified check next day.

When Bob got the note he supposed the new

company preferred to pay him cash in full instead of half in stock. He was satisfied, and waited for Mr. Jones to appear. As he didn't show up by one o'clock, Bob handed the certificates to Bessie and told her if Jones called with a certified check for \$1,255,000 she was to take it and hand him the securities. Half an hour later Broker Jones appeared. He asked for Bob, and was told he was out.

"He told me to give you the two certificates of the D. & S. road if you brought a certified check in payment," said Bessie.

"I've got the check," said the broker, pulling it out of his pocket.

The girl pulled the certificates out of a drawer.

"I'll take the check," she said.

He handed it to her, and then she saw it was made out for only half of the right amount.

"This isn't right," she said. "I can't give you the certificates for that."

"No?" snarled Jones. "Then I'll have to take them!" and he made a snatch at the papers.

"You sha'n't have these certificates!" cried Bessie, springing upon the desk.

"Sha'n't, eh?" replied the broker. "Who will stop me?"

He was in the act of following the plucky girl when Bob opened the door and walked into the office.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"I want those certificates."

"You can have them if you have brought a certified check for them at 50."

"I have brought the check at 25. That's all you'll get."

"Then the deal is off."

A heated argument followed, and Jones tried to intimidate Bob, but it didn't go. In the end the company was obliged to accept Bob's terms, and he made \$100,000 in cash, and secured 15,700 shares of the new company, which ultimately turned out a great success. Bob sold 5,000 shares to Dick for 50, though they couldn't be bought at all in the market. That gave him a cash capital of three-quarters of a million, and as his stock in the company was worth half a million more at least, he could at least call himself a boy millionaire, like his friend Dick. Then he asked Bessie to marry him, and she said, "Yes." Having reached the summit of his ambitions, we will now draw the curtain on the clever boy who cornered a stock.

Next week's issue will contain "LANDING ON HIS FEET; OR, THE PLUCKIEST BOY IN THE WORLD."



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Woodbine, Pa.

SHORT-STOP SAM

or

The Boss of the Baseball Boys

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER I

The Peerless Baseball Club.

The twelve o'clock whistle was blowing, and the two hundred hands employed in Bagley's Mill were putting on their coats and hats preparatory to quitting for the day.

It was Saturday, and the half-holiday for the summer season took effect on that day.

Bagley's Mill was quite a big concern, and the men and boys who were employed there got good wages.

It was situated at the outskirts of Sharpton, on the Raritan River, but was only one of the manufacturing concerns to be found there.

Sharpton had about five thousand inhabitants, and was one of the most thriving towns of its size to be found anywhere in the eastern part of the United States.

It was quite a sporting town, too, for there were no less than three baseball clubs in it, besides the regular athletic club, which was named after the town.

The Y. M. C. A. gymnasium afforded an excellent chance for those who did not belong to a club, so Sharpton had its full quota of boy athletes.

The baseball season was on in full blast now, and everybody appeared to be interested in the greatest of all the American out-door sports.

Some of the boys who worked in Bagley's Mill had formed a baseball club two years before, and had been very successful both seasons playing with nines whose players averaged about the same age as their own.

But this year some of them had got it in their heads that, though their oldest player was only eighteen, they could go against any nine, no matter what the ages of the players were.

As the mill hands filed out when the whistle blew a number of boys soon got in a group and began talking rather excitedly.

"I tell you, boys! We'll be beaten to-day, as sure as our nine is called the Peerless!" exclaimed a bright-looking, athletic boy of seventeen. "It is too bad that Joe Norris had to move away! We haven't a fellow in our club who can fill his place at short. It is too bad, boys! And we are to play our first game with a semi-professional team to-day, too!"

"Hold on, Frank Timlin!" said a stout, curly-haired young fellow of about the speaker's age. "You're the pitcher of the nine, and you should not talk so discouragingly. Just keep a stiff upper lip, and pitch the game of your life, and we'll win the game, see if we don't!"

"That's the way to talk, Jonesy!"

"Fred's the stuff!"

"Our catcher knows what he's talking about!"

"Fred Jones is all right!"

There were some of the remarks that Frank Timlin, the pitcher of the Peerless Baseball Club, heard, and his face lighted up as he caught the spirit of the boys.

"All right, fellows, I won't say another word," he declared. "We will do our best to-day, and it won't be my fault if we don't beat the Edgertons."

"That sounds better, Frank," spoke up Harry Bates, the captain and first baseman of the team. "But just the same, boys, we're in a hole, and no mistake. I've been thinking all the week who to try out at shortstop. I haven't thought of a fellow who can play the position anywhere as well as Joe Norris did. I'm going to be frank with you, fellows. The rest of the positions are filled just to my liking, but out of the seven extra members we've got there isn't a boy who could play the position of shortstop and do good work. The only thing to do is to take Lon Seaver off second and let him play short, while Dan Rear-don can come in from centerfield and play second. We can find some one to play center from the extra players, I suppose. I just wish some good player would come along and want to join our club, boys. Some one who could put up a rattling game as short! But that isn't possible. There are very few boys who play short like Joe Norris."

"Say!" spoke up a boy of sixteen, who was a little stout, and not quite as tall as he should have been for his age, stepping forward from the cinder road, where he had been standing all alone, listening to the conversation of the young ball players, "if you fellows don't mind I'd like to become a member of the Peerless Ball Club. I've heard that you have a rattling nine, and that is just the kind that I'd like to join."

"It's Sam Walters, the boy who just came to work at the mill this week," said Pete Perkins, a rather gawky-looking fellow, who played third base. "He told me he's played ball a whole lot, fellers."

Sam Walters was nothing if not strong and healthy-looking.

He was bright and handsome, too, and though a trifle short and stout, one look at him from an expert would have told plainly that he was as quick as a flash and possessed of plenty of endurance.

Nearly all the members of the club knew the new mill-hand by sight, but it had fallen to the lot of Pete Perkins, who was the son of a farmer in the outlying district, to become acquainted with him.

Pete did not look as though he was a very sprightly fellow. But that is where one would have made a mistake, for he was an expert at the game of baseball, and covered third bag with a great deal of cleverness.

The farmer boy stepped up with no little show of pride and introduced Sam Walters as the boy who had come down from New York to live and work in Sharpton.

The whole crowd shook hands with him, and they seemed glad to make his acquaintance just then.

"I may be able to help you fellows out this afternoon," Sam Walters said, smiling at them. "That is, if you want to take me in as a member."

of your club. Pete tells me that all that is necessary is a two-third vote of the members and the payment of two dollars from the applicant. Heres my two dollars."

"We've got to hold a special meeting of the club, but we can do that right after dinner," replied Captain Harry Bates. "Of course you will be welcome in the club I feel sure of that. But can you play shortstop?"

"That is the position I have generally held on the teams I have played with," Sam answered.

"You have never seen us play, have you?"

"No, but I have seen the Edgertons play, though. I saw them last Saturday at Ridgewood Park."

"You did!"

The boys crowded around him with eagerness depicted on their faces.

"Yes—they are a pretty strong team."

"Do you—you think you could play at shortstop against them with any degree of success?" asked Frank Timlin, the pitcher.

"I certainly think I can," was the retort. "I am only what some might call a small boy, I know, but I have played with a better team than the Edgertons."

"Whew!" cried the captain of the Peerless nine. "Boys, I guess we are all right. If that is the case."

"Let's us hurry home, so we can get back to the club-house," suggested Fred Jones.

This was received with universal favor, as far as the members of the club were concerned, and off they went at a brisk walk, Sam Walters walking with them between the captain and third baseman.

They went to their respective homes, and by one o'clock nearly all were at the loft over the feed store on the main street, which they had rented for their club-room at a nominal cost.

Though there were no walls or partitions in the place, it was quite a snug room. The pitched roof was high, and there was plenty of room for a trapeze and other adjuncts to a small gymnasium.

Indian clubs and dumb-bells were there, showing that the boys kept their muscles in order during the winter months, and the big pot-shaped stove that had kept off the chill in winter was covered well with paper and stowed in a corner.

A desk, some benches, and a few chairs were about all the furniture the big room contained, but it answered the purpose of the boys.

None of them belonged to wealthy families, so they had to be satisfied with what they could get.

There was a vast difference between the quarters of the Peerless Baseball Club and those of the Sharpton Athletic Club.

The latter was made up of the sons of the wealthy class, and they had everything fine.

But this did not mean that they were any better at baseball or any other sports.

But of them we will have to deal later on.

The Peerless goys waited until every member was present, and then, when the captain had called the meeting to order, Pete Perkins got up and proposed Sam Walters as a member of the club.

The proposition was received with cheers, for all the boys had heard by this-time that it was

quite likely that the boy from New York would take the place of Joe Norris at short that afternoon.

The secretary received the fee of two dollars, and then a ballot was ordered to be taken.

"Those who are in favor of Sam Walters becoming a member of the Peerless Baseball Club will please write yes on a slip of paper; and those opposed will write no," said Harry Bates. "Timlin, please pass the slips of paper."

The pitcher got up and, taking the slips from the secretary, went around the room and gave one to each boy.

Then those who had pencils wrote down what they wanted and loaned them to the rest.

When they were ready they stepped up and deposited their ballots into the hat of the secretary.

The result was soon known.

There were just seventeen members in the club, and sixteen wrote yes.

There was only one member who was against Sam.

All eyes were soon turned upon him, for the manner of one of the boys told plainly that he was the one who had cast the opposing vote.

He was a tall, dark-complexioned youth by the name of Len Marks, and he had figured on playing with the nine that afternoon because of the vacancy left by Joe Norris.

CHAPTER II.

Sam Shows What He Can Do.

Harry Bates was not the sort of a boy to willfully hurts any one's feelings, so he simply announced the result and made no comment whatever.

The boy who had cast the opposing vote remained perfectly silent, and tried to appear unconcerned.

Len Marks was not a favorite with the members of the club, anyway. But he had been one of the organizers of the club and always been prompt in the payment of his dues.

Some of them gave him the reputation of being a sneak, and though he knew this he never resented it.

Marks never got into a fight, but more than once he had involved his companions in trouble and then sneaked away.

It had long been his ambition to play with the nine, but he had never been quite capable of playing to the standard the captain had set down as the proper thing.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, "as Sam Walters has been elected a member, I will appoint Pete Perkins and Fred Jones to escort him here."

"Hold on!" interposed Len Marks, jumping to his feet and looking rather nueasy. "Before you do that I want to make a motion."

"You are in order, Mr. Marks," said Bates.

"Well, then, I move that we make the election of Sam Walters unanimous."

(To be continued)

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

DAY'S TAX PAYMENTS MAKE RECORD FOR CITY

Taxpayers paid into the City Treasury Thursday, \$67,541,834.69, the largest sum ever collected in a single day, according to Comptroller Berry.

Clerks in the Comptroller's office worked until 2 A. M. sorting and preparing the collections for the bank, so the city would not lose a day's interest on the deposits.

During May collections totaled \$167,562,161.99, approximately one-third of the total 1928 levy of \$442,145,474.99. The nearest approach to Thursday's record, the Comptroller reported, was Nov. 30, 1927, when \$50,949,206.72 was collected.

Comptroller Berry attributed the prompt response this year to the fact that the tax bills were mailed out.

Collections Thursday were apportioned among the boroughs in the following proportion: Manhattan, \$15,533,540.27; Brooklyn, \$12,108,657.13; Bronx, \$6,872,522.91; Queens, \$2,496,233.41, and Richmond, \$530,891.08.

CAMEL HIGH-HATS HIS SALE AT ZOO BY STRETCHING MILE FOR STRAWS

Park Commissioner Walter R. Herrick sold part of his oversupply of animals in the Central Park Zoo at auction recently. He disposed of five old Dorset ewes, twelve young rams, two seven-weeks-old lioness cubs, a zebu bull, a pair of red deer and 224 pounds of wool, the spring crop from Central Park's flock.

The crowd that followed Auctioneer Henry Brady started heavy bidding when the lioness, Helen of Africa, and her cubs were put on the block. But at \$100 competition died out and Brady resorted to the auctioneer's old trick of splitting the lot.

C. S. Kohler of Larchmont and Frank Wissell of No. 344 Centre Street, Brooklyn, bought the cubs for \$75 each, but no one wanted Helen. The family will remain united two weeks, when the

cubs will be weaned and removed by their new owners.

Bidding went up to \$300 on a baby Bactrian camel. In an effort to bring the price to \$500, the Commissioner went into the compound and, to show what a fine family pet the camel would make, stroked his neck.

"Very affectionate and found of——"

But then the Bactrian showed what he was fond of and grabbed for the Commissioner's straw hat. He missed and then made overtures to a camera man with a Panama, but again was repulsed. Hungrily he stretched his neck through the bars toward Mr. Brady's head but fell six inches short and retired petulantly.

The sale was off.

One of the choicest rams went for \$18 to little Marie Louise Goebel of Nyack, who bought a similar one last year and likes him. When the sale was over there still remained, besides the camel, a wall-eyed hyena, a puma with a bad disposition, a zebu cow, two lionesses, one with bad eyesight, and a fat-tailed ram.

LAUGHS

TABLES TURNED

If a man enters a saloon very optimistically he is sure to come out very misty optically.—Yale Record.

ONE OF THESE THINGS

"These women get me down," said the bozo, as he stumbled over the co-ed's feet in the middle of the aisle.—Texas Ranger.

OUT FOR BIG GAME

Baboon: Where to, Euristiphides?
Gaboos: Goin' huntin', sweet.
Baboon: Why the canoe paddles?
Gaboos: I'm gonna shoot some rapids, m'love.
—Middlebury Blue Baboon.

NO PARKING, PLEASE

Tough Upper Classman (to frosh who had tried to commit suicide in front of a girl's house): Say, ya big bozo, I don't want to hear of you trying to hang around my girl's house again.—Okla. Whirlwind.

A SMELLY BUSINESS

Shylock: He made a million in a dual business.
Portia: A dual business?
Shy: He ran a soap store on one side of the street, and a perfume shop on the other. Nobody dared pass up both.—Michigan Gargoyle.

NO CONNECTION HERE

She: Why don't you say something?
He: I can't think of anything to say.
She: My gosh! You don't have to think to say anything, do you?

THE KID IS CLEVER

You see, Lancelot, it was this way. I sez to her, I sez. "Say, honey, what is the quickest way to get a book out of the library?" Then quick as a flash she turns around to me and she sez to me, she sez, "Multiply the area of the base by the altitude and you will get the volume immediately."—Penn. State Froth.

The Lacy Jewels

"What is that?"

It was a female's voice, the hour midnight, and the place a bedroom.

"What do you mean, Julia?" asked her husband.

"That; do you not hear it?"

"No; hear what?"

"Oh, a noise; I can't tell what it is."

"Can you not tell what it sounds like?"

"Like—like some one in my dressing-room."

"Oh, nonsense; you were dreaming."

"No, I was not, husband," said Mrs. Lacy, emphatically. "I have been laying awake here for more than an hour listening to it."

"You are getting nervous."

"No, I am not; I tell you I heard some one."

"It was only your imagination. You spend all your time studying about your jewels."

"Listen, then; did you not hear that?"

"What was it?"

"A clink of metal."

"No."

"But I did."

"Where?"

"In my boudoir."

"I tell you, Julia, my dear, it was all imagination. Hush up, now, and think no more of it. Do try and go to sleep."

So saying, Mr. Donald Lacy turned over in the bed, and composed himself to sleep.

Mrs. Lacy lay for some time hearing strange noises, and then fell into a feverish, fitful slumber.

Morning came at last, and the Lacy family were aroused by the breakfast bell.

Mr. Lacy was a well-to-do uptown merchant, and kept early hours.

His business required his presence as early as eight o'clock at the very latest.

He arose hastily, dressing himself and arranging his toilet for breakfast.

He had forgotten all about the slight noises his wife had heard during the night, and already his mind had preceded him on his business uptown.

Not so, however, with Mrs. Lacy. She arose, and, putting on her morning wrapper, hurried into her boudoir.

A shriek brought Mr. Lacy at once to her side.

The room was in a confused condition.

Everything was topsy-turvy, and in the center of the room was the jewelry-case broken open and empty.

Mrs. Lacy fainted outright at the loss.

Mr. Lacy himself carried her to the bed chamber and rang for assistance.

Then locking the dressing chamber, he left his wife in the care of the housekeeper, and ran with all speed to the police station.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lacy," said the chief of police, who had just entered the office. "What is the matter? You look excited."

"I want your most experienced detective at once," gasped the almost breathless man.

"What have you lost, Mr. Lacy?"

"My wife's jewels."

"What do they amount to?"

"Some fifty thousand dollars."

"What, so large?"

"Yes."

"Well, then you want it worked up at once?"

"Yes."

"When was it done?"

"Last night."

"Has any one else worked on it?"

"No."

"You came as soon as the loss of the jewels was discovered?"

"Yes."

"You did well in that case."

"Will you take steps at once to find the thief?"

"Certainly."

"Send your best man to my house."

"I will. Mr. Crump, our shrewdest man, will be here in a few minutes, and we will send him to your house as soon as he comes."

Mr. Lacy returned to his home and found his wife almost distracted at the loss of her jewels.

He did all he could to console her, assuring her that everything that could be done would be at once.

The breakfast was not enjoyed by the family. Scarcely was the morning meal over, when the doorbell rang.

Mr. Lacy arose himself to answer the summons.

He found at the door a rather pale man, with light hair, smooth-shaved, and carrying a cane in his hand.

"I was sent here," he said.

"By whom?" asked the astounded merchant.

"The chief of police," in a low voice.

"Oh! I beg pardon, you are the——"

"Yes, sir, and I had better see you in your room."

They went at once to a private room, and there the man informed him that he was the detective sent by the chief to work up the case, and that his name was Crump.

Mr. Lacy then proceeded to inform him all that he knew about the burglary.

He told how his wife had been disturbed during the night by a noise, and then missing the jewels in the morning.

They had been the Lacy family jewels, and were prized quite highly, outside of their intrinsic value.

"Do you suspicion any one?" asked the detective, after examining the room from which they had been taken.

"No."

"Is there not even a shadow of suspicion?"

"Not even a shadow."

The detective was silent for a few moments, and then said:

"I will undertake this case, and in less than a month I will have the real thief in limbo, and perhaps recover the jewels."

"Do so, and you shall have a reward of two thousand dollars," said Mr. Lacy, earnestly.

"I must do so, but you must help me."

"Whatever is necessary for me to do, I will do so cheerfully."

"Well, then, there will be a young man here in two or three hours to seek employment. He will be clothed in dark clothes, wear black, bushy hair and beard. Employ him. Let him have the utmost freedom about the house, and do not discharge him, even if he grows a little wild. This

employing must be bona fide, and payment made as regularly as to any of your servants. If he does nothing, it will be all right."

"I understand," Mr. Lacy replied, and the detective left the room.

At ten o'clock the doorbell rang, and Mr. Lacy, who answered it, found a stranger there.

His whiskers and hair were black, and he had a rather polished look about him.

"I am seeking employment, sir, and was told you wanted a man as butler, or hostler, to attend to things generally."

Mr. Lacy had so far forgotten himself as to be on the point of declaring that the stranger was misinformed, when he remembered his promise, and employed the strange young man.

The servants were astounded to know that the master had taken in another man.

Among those most indignant were old Rupert and Powell, two old family stand-bys.

"I don't see what he's a-thinkin' about," said Rupert. "Jest lost all the jewels o' the missus, an' now goin' to hire a strange man what he never seed afore."

The two old men sat down in their accustomed chairs, and began to nod and wink at each other in a way very intelligible.

In spite of the opposition to the new man, Bruce, he soon, by his own power, grew to be a great favorite with all in the house.

He formed the acquaintance of all, and never failed to have a bottle of brandy about him, with which he treated Rupert and Powell.

They loved the brandy dearly, and, by frequent drinks daily, soon came to love the donor.

There were many madcap freaks played by the new man, all of which went unnoticed by his master.

In vain there was a complaint went up charging him with drunkenness and various little immoralities.

He retained his place.

This naturally bred jealousy and discontent on the part of the fellow-servants.

But with Rupert and Powell the new man constantly grew in friendship.

It was evening, and Powell was in the kitchen tipsy from the brandy he had drunk.

His usually silent tongue was loosened, and he was talking quite freely.

"Why do not you and Rupert lay up something for yourself?" asked the new man.

"We 'ave—hic," said the drunken man.

"How much?"

"Oh, a little—hic! We got enough fur a rainy day."

"The master is wealthy and got plenty."

"Umph, umph—hic!"

"He don't give two old trusties like you as much as he ought."

"N-no; not 'alf—hic!"

"No one could blame you if you laid by something for the future."

"I guess not."

"But you'd have to be very careful so as not to be caught. And you ought not to tell any one."

The jolly young fellow plied the old villain with brandy until he became quite mellow, and then played upon his confidence until he con-

fessed that which he would not have done under any other circumstances.

Powell and Rupert were the thieves.

They had stolen the jewels and had them concealed at a house which Rupert owned.

Rupert was there now.

The detective, for the dark-haired man was no other, obtained all that he desired, and then let old Powell sleep off the effects of his brandy, and the next morning when the old scoundrel awoke and he found the young man at his side he was not a little alarmed.

"Get up," said the detective. "We must go to Rupert's house and get those jewels."

"What do you mean?" asked the old wretch, beginning to tremble. "We've got no jewels."

"Do not deny it, Powell; we may let you turn State's evidence if you will help us to return the jewels and convict Rupert. Here is what you said, a schedule of the stolen goods, and a complete description of the place where they are concealed."

After many humble prayers for mercy, the old sinner agreed to go with him to the house where Rupert had been staying.

They found the portly, bald-headed Rupert sitting in his armchair in front of the grate.

"What do ye want?" he demanded, nervously springing from his chair.

"The Lacy jewels," the detective answered.

The old rogue began to tremble, as Mr. Crump drew forth a paper containing the description and location of them.

He read it to the old sinner, and, pointing to Powell, who, humbly holding his hat in his hands, stood behind the detective, he added:

"This man says they are here."

"It's all a pack o' lies," cried Rupert, trembling violently from head to foot.

The detective seized him; snap, snap, went the handcuffs, and Rupert was a prisoner.

Turning to Powell, Mr. Crump said:

"Now show where they are quickly or I'll put another pair on you."

The trembling wretch led the way to the cellar, and there in a niche in the wall the costly jewels were found.

The astonishment of Mr. Lacy can better be imagined than described when his treasure was returned, and his oldest, most trusty servants brought with them as thieves.

Powell was allowed to turn State's evidence and released while Rupert, on account of his years, only got a short term at Sing Sing.

FINDS PHOTO IN CHICAGO OF CHILD LOST IN SOUTH

When the Mississippi went on a rampage a year ago it took with it the home of Mrs. Margaret O'Neill and the life of her daughter, May, eight years old.

A few days ago Mrs. O'Neill came here from Mississippi to make a new home, and yesterday she wandered into a second-hand store to buy household goods.

On a shelf in the store she saw a picture of the little daughter she had lost. How it came there the shop keeper was unable to say, but he gave it to the mother.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

PAWNBROKERS HAVE PALACE FOR BUSINESS IN VENICE

The "three-ball" merchants of Venice live in fine style. No side streets and back alleys for the pawnbrokers of the city of canals; instead they have a palace, one of the best in Venice, all for themselves.

The Palace Corner Della Regina is a fine, imposing edifice built in 1724. Here the pawnbrokers of Venice have their headquarters. They lend money on anything from a tiepin to a merchant ship.

OLDEST HOUSE IN PARIS IS OCCUPIED BY LAUNDRY

Seven centuries have passed and kings, emperors, wars and revolutions have come and gone, but the oldest house in Paris is doing business at the old stand.

It is a laundry, now in the center of the city, close to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The laundry isn't that old, but the owner says the pedigree of the building goes to Louis IX.

The date of the house, 1240, is proudly displayed on a stone set in the street wall, and the laundry's sign is "At the oldest house in Paris."

SKULL FOUND IN IRELAND DATED BACK 3,000 YEARS

A human skeleton believed to be 3,000 years old has just been taken from a grave near Athenry, and the skull has been deposited in the National Museum in Dublin.

The body in the grave was buried in a curved position, the knees being drawn up toward the head. Experts say that the skull pointed to a high racial index and intellectual capacity of a high standard.

A vase beautifully shaped and ornamented with chevron designs was found at the foot of the grave.

CRIPPLE CREEK "STAMPEDE" MARKS GOLD STRIKE OF 1891

Visitors from many parts of the country were assembled in Cripple Creek gold mining town recently to celebrate the gold strike here in 1891.

In '91 Bob Womack, a Broken Bow cowboy, opened up the lode in Poverty Gulch that yielded half a billion dollars in gold.

The program includes a "stampede" in which prospectors armed with picks and shovels will stage a "rush" for the spot where the original strike was made. They will dig for \$1,500 in gold which has been buried as a reward for those participating in the stampede.

VISITING BLACK BEAR GIVES NEWBURGH FOLK A THRILL

A 300-pound black bear paid an informal visit to Newburgh recently. Ellsworth J. Sarvis of Fullerton Avenue called the police station and

asked Lieutenant Edward Dickey, who was on duty at the time, if he could shoot the bear.

Lieutenant Dickey informed him that he could not and then got in touch with Game Protector Valentine J. Kohl, who with several other men followed the bear into Downing Park. The bear frightened persons who were going through the park on their way to work. Some of these threw stones at the animal.

Mr. Kohl chased the bear through the park toward the outskirts of the city, but near that place all trace of him was lost.

SHORT SKIRTS ARE TABOOED AT JAPANESE CORONATION

"Flapper" dresses and low-cut gowns will not be permitted at the Imperial Coronation ceremonies which will be held at Kyoto, Japan, next November. Foreign women, including wives and daughters of envoys, will not be excepted from the order.

Extremely short skirts and low-cut frocks, the household officials explained, were not in line with Japanese customs and inappropriate to the solemnity of the ceremonies. So the wives and daughters of the foreign diplomats must govern themselves accordingly.

In addition, the officials pointed out, the great hall of Kyoto, where the enthronement rites are to be performed, will not be heated and it is their endeavor to "protect the foreign women visitors against the cold."

GETS BACK OLD TABLET

After an absence of 242 years from the Protestant Temple of Saumur, the headquarters of French Protestantism from 1562 to the revocation of the Treaty of Nantes in October, 1685, the return of the famous Tablet of the Laws will be celebrated on June 30, the 242d anniversary of its disappearance.

Two years ago the tablet, which is a sheet of slate 4½ feet wide and 6 feet high, on which are engraved the Tablets of the Law, was discovered by M. Meteyer, pastor of the Temple, in the Catholic Church of Varrains, only two miles from Saumur, although, in the meantime, a country-wide search had been going on for it during two centuries. The tablet is now restored to the Protestant Church on the order of the Catholic Bishop of Angers.

When the Temple was demolished by Royal authority in 1686, the tablet became the property of the Cesbron family, the present head of which, Senator Cesbron, in 1915, bestowed it on the Catholic Church of Varrains. The Senator, curiously ignorant of the search being made for the tablet by the Protestants of Saumur, on the discovery of Pastor Meteyer, immediately interceded with the Bishop of Angers to have the tablet returned. In a letter to the pastor he expresses his pleasure in associating himself with the gesture of Christian fraternity, "which, after more than 200 years, repairs the injustice of which the Protestant Church of Saumur was the victim."

CURRENT NEWS

WELCOME TO FARMERS BY SHAVER AND JONES

The army of farmers that marched and threatened to march to the Republican National Convention in Kansas City was invited to come to the Democratic Party's convention here by Clem Shaver, Chairman of the National Democratic Executive Committee, and Jesse M. Jones, Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

"Of course," said Mr. Shaver, "we can promise nothing except that the farmers will be given a fair and courteous hearing."

"The farmers will be welcome here," Mr. Jones said. "Any promises that are made to them will be kept."

CUBA WOULD USE CONVICTS FOR CANCER EXPERIMENTS

Official execution for the condemned convicts of Cuba or death in the name of science is being discussed in the newspapers as a consequence of a request made to the Government by Dr. Matias Dugue, member of the National Sanitation Board and leading Cuban physician.

He asked to be allowed to experiment with a cancer cure through the medium of condemned convicts whom he would inoculate with the virus of that disease.

The issue is being roundly debated. Convicts condemned to death now are choked to death by the garrote.

ORCHID EXPEDITION STARTS TO AMAZON FROM ENGLAND

The Orchidological Research Expedition, Brazil, under the leadership of Dr. Cecil S. Garnett, a horticultural scientist of Derby, has started out for South America to study orchids in their natural haunts.

Doctor Garnett said, before sailing on the *Hildebrand*, he proposed to travel a thousand miles up the Amazon to Manaus and then by arrangement with the inhabitants the party would take canoes and go another thousand miles further up the river.

This is the first time there has been any organized orchidological research work.

GOLD TRODDEN UNDER FOOT FOR CENTURIES IN ALGIERS

Gold and silver "dust" that has been accumulating in Algiers for centuries is to be taken from Moroccan jewelers' "souks" and sold. The "souks" are the market places. Jewelers, like all other tradesmen, work there in the open or in squalid little shops, son succeeding father in the business, always on the same spot.

The "sweepings," so valuable in American and European jewelry workrooms, never have been gathered and smelted here. The first effort to do this will be tried by a newly formed French company, whose experts believe there are fortunes in gold and silver filings trodden into the dirt floors of the native shops.

POWER PROJECT FOR CANADA

Under a bill passed by the Canadian Parliament ratifying an agreement between the Dominion of Canada and the Provinces of Ontario and Manitoba, a dam is to be erected in Lac Seul to store the upper waters of the English and Winnipeg rivers as part of a project to develop the water power of the latter river. Previously, to clear the way for the project, a treaty was signed between the United States and Canada providing for water storage in the Lake of the Woods, at the border of Ontario and Minnesota.

The dam will be built by Ontario. It will increase the water power of the Winnipeg River by 112,000 horsepower and of the English River by 82,000.

MOTHS MAY BE COMBATED IN SOME OLD AND NEW WAYS

When a succession of mild days indicates that heavy Winter clothing and coverings may be discarded for the Summer, the housewife has a busy day making blankets and cloaks safe from moths. Furs, Persian rugs and other valuable objects are packed off to cold storage, while everyday household and personal effects are taken care of in the house.

For generations housewives each year have taken up the cudgels against these destroyers. Many of their old-fashioned remedies are accepted still by science, such, for instance, as sunning clothing to kill the larvae. But others science has pronounced worthless—tobacco extracts and tobacco powders, lavender flowers, cayenne and black pepper, dustings of allspice, of air-slaked lime, of eucalyptus leaves, heelebore, quassia chips, angelica root, pyrethrum stems, powdered sulphur, borax, colocynth pulp, sodium bicarbonate, lead carbonate and lead oxide are specified in this category by the United States Bureau of Entomology. Cedar chips and shavings are said to be only partially effective.

The first essential in battling moths is to make sure that no larvae are hidden away along the seams, in deep folds or in pockets of the clothing to be packed away, and then that all containers are absolutely tight. Beating and brushing and cleaning must precede laying away, and furs suspected of being infested must be gone over with a fine tooth comb. Larvae lodged on material to be put away may be killed by ironing, by exposing in superheated rooms or by leaving several hours in the sun. Or the fabric may be dipped for ten seconds in water heated to 140 degrees Fahrenheit. A strong solution of neutral laundry soap also has a killing effect.

The Bureau of Entomology considers naphthalene in flakes or balls the best preventive of destruction from moths, provided the clothing is closely confined and not packed on closet shelves or in drawers where the fumes may readily escape. Paradichlorobenzene, gum camphor and pyrethrum powder are also pronounced effective.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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